THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

MAY, 1934

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S budget statement was characteristic of a Government of which he is essentially the representative figure. The manner was that of a model chairman of a company meeting, the references to the poorer members of the community phrased and enunciated in the accents habitually employed when referring to the services of the company's staff, not forgetting even the weekly wage-earners, while for the income taxpayers were reserved the more heartfelt tributes proper to shareholders who had continued to extend their confidence to the Board through a long period when earnings had been insufficient to pay a dividend. The biggest surprise to many was the modest estimate of revenue for the current year, and the *quidnuncs* have lost no time in telling their satellites (in confidence) that the Chancellor is budgetting for another big surplus. This, for anything we know, may be true, but in view of the absence of any provision for debt redemption it can hardly be called surprising. What the Chancellor has in fact done is to ensure that the benefit to the revenue of any further marked improvement in trade shall be devoted to strengthening the national credit and in this way to maintaining cheap money rates. This is a wise policy, the best feature of a humdrum budget.

An Unpopular Budget

WE have an uneasy (but perhaps unfounded) suspicion that the budget is intended to be popular. If so, expectations will not be realized. The budget will be on the whole unpopular in the country and will do very little whatever to check the tide of public opinion which is

running steadily against the National Government. The failure to restore the income tax allowances which press so hardly on the small income taxpayer, the large concession to the limousine-carried classes, the maintenance of penal taxation on beer and cigarettes, and the failure to reduce the entertainments tax on cheap seats will be resented, and the suggestion that the concession to motorists costs nothing because it falls mainly on the road fund is a transparent sophistry. The restoration of the cuts in part only, and only from July 1, will be but moderately well received by any section of opinion. The beneficiaries will accept the concession as a proof of their contention that they were signalled out for exceptional, and therefore unfair, treatment in 1931, while others will see in it a criticism of present wage levels for which the Government's policy will (however absurdly) be held responsible. The budget will be popular in the City and the richer suburbs, but their allegiance was already secure.

The Real Criticism

THE real criticism of the budget has, of course, little to do with these immediate electioneering repercussions —serious though these may prove. The budget statement was principally remarkable for a phrase, received in silence in the House and without comment in the Press, in which Mr. Chamberlain stated boldly that the future expansion of revenue must be regarded as earmarked to meet inevitable increases in expenditure. In other words, both by their acts and their words the Government have apparently repudiated the May Committee's report and the whole structure of argument on which the conclusions in that report were based. Seeing that the May report was their title deed to office, the ultimate effect of any repudiation of the report on the future parties would be profound. The thesis developed in the closely-argued pages of this report was clear and sharp. The rate of Government expenditure was too high in relation to the

national income; the expenditure on non-productive services was at a rate incompatible with the welfare of productive industry, and the future of parliamentary government depended on the ability of the House of Commons to refrain from returning, immediately the crisis was passed, to the policy of State expenditure financed by prohibitive taxation. Twice already, the report pointed out, had the axe been wielded and wielded with reasonable efficiency, but in each case, and before the full effects had developed, the politicians had returned to the old ways. The result of this oscillation between enforced economy and extravagance had been seen in two successive returns of the depression, in each case a return to a depression more intense and prolonged than the previous one. It was the considered judgment of the May Committee that the situation arising out of the third and worst depression could not be permanently remedied except by a permanent reduction in the volume of Government expenditures.

Was the May Committee Wrong?

WAS this conclusion wrong? It seems to be the opinion of His Majesty's Government that it was, for the Chancellor appears to range himself with those who regard any surplus which may be accumulated once the "cuts" have been restored as national property to be disposed of in future years as seems best to the politicians. On the basis of taxation far heavier than that which was in force when the crisis of 1931 occurred, we are preparing, it seems, for a fresh burst of expenditure designed to stabilize taxation at a higher figure than that which the May Committee announced as already too high to be consistent with prosperity. It would be foolish for anyone to profess certainty on issues as controversial and difficult as these, but one thing can be said with some confidence. The general belief that the May Committee was right placed the present government in

office. Any general admission that they were wrong will inevitably mean the return of Labour to power. At the game of competitive spending, the parties of the right, with their instinctive distrust for the policy and their sincere desire not to go too far, must be always beaten by the parties of the left of whom one section have really persuaded themselves that public spending is good in itself, while the other section is completely indifferent to a breakdown of the capitalist system.

The Budget and the Public Welfare

SO much for the politicians' side of the argument. The more important question concerns the general body of the citizens, and here too the parties of the right are at a hopeless disadvantage once the socialist experiment is continued. A policy aimed at the restoration of the economic independence of the individual would not only challenge but out-distance socialism in popular appeal. A policy, however, which is directed at increasing not only the power of government, which is none too popular, but also the power of trusts, corporations and monopolies which are detested, a policy, moreover, which increasingly subjects the small business and property owner to control while raising the price against the consumer, can only result in curtailing liberty without ensuring equality. Such a result can never be popular, and if that is, in sober fact, the only alternative to socialism, socialism, though very far from being preferable, will in fact be preferred. People who are denied liberty will insist on equality, and people who are denied status will prefer a uniform servitude to the State to an unequal and unco-ordinated subordination to private interests.

Conservatism and so-called Reform

THE overwhelming majority of the supporters of the present Government are fully aware of these facts. They are still waiting for an indication of the views of

their leaders. The issue does not lie between those who wish to provide generously for unemployed and those who wish to do a mean minimum—nor between those who "believe in" public health and education and those who are indifferent to them. It is a fundamental article of the Conservative faith that the unemployed should and can be re-absorbed by industry and agriculture if the conditions necessary to the employment of fresh capital in industry and agriculture are established, and that the wages of those engaged in industry and agriculture can be raised to levels far higher than those of to-day if the proper balance between productive and non-productive employment and investment is restored. The acid test will come when prices rise and the national budget shows a real surplus after restoring (as we are now virtually pledged to restore) the balance of the "cuts." If the increasing yield of industry is left for the development of industry, prosperity will return. If it is taken out of industry and invested in a wide extension of non-productive services, the depression will return. The public are entitled to know the Government's intentions.

Mr. Walter Elliot and the Leisure State

MR. WALTER ELLIOT has announced himself a convert to the "leisure state," the strangest of all our modern fancies. He believes in stabilizing production and distributing leisure in place of goods. His argument is a familiar and a perfectly logical one. Mr. Elliot is far too able to have lent his influential support to a case of which this much could not be said. Leisure is, in point of fact, the only thing which a Socialist can distribute, and the stabilization of production is the necessary pre-requisite of the Socialist economy. Industrial progress depends on an infinite series of individual creative decisions and adjustments and inventions. It cannot in its nature be organized. In the last ten years a million and a half people have, according to the last report of

the Ministry of Labour, transferred their energies from one group of trades to another. The nature of the transfer is immaterial. The point is that this vast readjustment in the activities, lives, hopes and energies of a tenth of the insured population is the outcome, not of a plan or a programme, but of that instinctive process of individual adaptation to new needs and conditions and markets and opportunities by which nations live and progress. A continuing day by day process of this kind is impossible under centralized Socialism. It would be the function presumably of an industrial transference board or committee. The results need not be described to be imagined. So the Socialist offers us leisure. We can, easily, shut down on progress. We can regiment the population, give them rations and barracks and leisure. This, we repeat, is a perfectly practical scheme. It is merely fantastically undesirable. It is, by a curious irony, precisely the kind of thing which anti-Socialists used to call Socialism in 1912, to the great amusement of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mrs. Sidney Webb. Now, apparently, it is the new Conservatism.

The British Movement

WE welcome the British Movement, because it reflects the wide anxiety of the majority of Conservatives as to the direction in which they are being led. We should welcome it more warmly, however, if it entered the political lists with a few clearly-defined principles. Our opponents have principles on which they act. We copy their actions and spend our spare time trying to reconcile them with Tory principles, hazardously collected from the speeches of defunct statesmen. The British Movement has a clear and valuable field for action if it is prepared to reverse this process and to proceed from its principles to its actions. We note that our distinguished contributor, Sir Charles Petrie, is one of the founders of the movement. If he can induce his colleagues to work for the same rigid application of just

principles at home that he himself recommends in regard to our foreign policy in the current number of this REVIEW, the British Movement will grow and prosper.

The Cry for a Plan

THERE are two cries which are making healthy people sick at the present time. The first is the cry for a plan and the second is the cry for a leader. The political stage is thronged with leaders who will follow any body of resolute men with intellectual convictions. The trouble is that when you get a dozen of these bold revolutionaries together you find that they are not conservatives with a policy, but socialists out of a job. They want a plan for this and that without the least regard for the fact that Whitehall is honeycombed with plans in pigeon-holes, and that Whitehall is a better hand at a plan than the ordinary denizen of the club armchair. For what they are worth, we shall get plans—and very good plans too—from the present government. We shall get more plans from the next government. But will they work? Is planning sound? That is the point on which all right wing movements have got to make up their mind. It may be that we are moving into a world in which there will be no politics and no principles—merely a competing phalanx of plans. How much of our industry, our commerce and our agriculture would survive such an age? Drastic action to restore the conditions of free enterprise, a clear and statesmanlike insistence on the right *direction* of our efforts, and a readiness to ease and facilitate the transition from a less to a greater degree of self-sufficiency which is imposed on us by the march of science and the industrialization of our former customers—these things are urgently necessary, and those who choose can call these measures plans if they like. But we want to know the *aim* of these new efforts at reconstruction. There is a real fear lest we are becoming involved in a network of plans of the kind which do not restore freedom or re-create opportunity,

but merely lead to further "plans" to remove the discontents caused by the first series.

And again, What of the Public?

LET us return to where we began—to the question of public welfare. The ultimate test of industrial efficiency is that it provides the means for people to live their own lives and to provide themselves with all essential services. It is a poor-spirited thing to plan a world in which the majority will still be so insecure and so near to destitution that they must look to a third party to educate, feed and doctor their children, and to maintain them in old age. That may be the socialist ideal, but it will always be repugnant to a free people. The return to freedom will be slow and hard, but let us at least know that our feet are set on the path and let us follow only those, whatever they call themselves, who are resolutely determined to give no countenance to plans which will lead us in the wrong direction.

Recent Elections

AFTER a series of damaging reverses, culminating in the London County Council Elections, the Right has had a good win at Basingstoke. To call it a win for the National Government is, of course, absurd. The figures showed a clear return to the 1929 distribution of parties, a strikingly large liberal vote, which must be taken to be a vote against "planning," and a negligible socialist poll which could hardly be surprising in such a constituency. The vote, in other words, was a conservative vote and the lesson for the Central Office is clear. Seats can not only be held but majorities increased when candidates stand for conservative principles. The English people will still range themselves behind any party with a constructive programme which offers the hope of progress without compromising with socialism. No support, however, will be gained from liberals or socialists. The presence of Sir John Simon, for instance in the government is not worth more than

a handful of liberal votes in any constituency when a liberal candidate is in the field against the government. Faced with a restoration of the pre-crisis balance of parties, no conservative can hope to secure election unless he can poll the full conservative vote, and he will not do that if his policy is watered down in a futile attempt to secure votes from his political opponents.

The Next Elections

WHETHER a conservative majority can be secured at the next election depends—failing another stroke of good luck such as the " red letter "—on whether the conservative policy when formulated is sufficiently constructive and courageous. On a policy of surrender and semi-socialism, conservatives will poll their elderly supporters but not ten per cent. of the young men and women. It is this certain fact that has brought Sir Oswald Mosley for the first time near to the front of the political stage. Whether he comes right to the front or recedes into the background before 1936 is the big question. If his opponents, and notably Mr. Baldwin, continue to base their attacks on British Fascism on the negative ground that Parliament must be defended, then the attacks will fall flat. The British people would, of course, prefer even an unreformed Parliament to a tyranny, but the pretence that the difference between the corporate state and the political state is the difference between tyranny and freedom cannot be kept up. It is a matter of common knowledge that the corporate state gives a wider and more effective play to the representative system than does the political state. It is perfectly true that the corporate state in so far as it is a *régime* and not a policy, cannot, once it is established, be easily disturbed. But that is true of every *régime*, and particularly true of the Parliamentary *régime*.

What is the Fascist Policy

BY concentrating on a mis-description of Fascist methods, the men of the Centre are, in fact, letting the real case against Fascism (if it exists) go by default.

That case must and can only rest on the nature of Fascist aims. If these aims, once clearly defined, prove to be unsound, the question of methods need not be argued. If on the other hand they prove to be sound, the fact that Fascism is committed to sweeping constitutional changes will tell quite as much in its favour as against it. The real question at issue is the attitude of Fascism to property, not as a source of private gain but as an institution essential to personal liberty. Is the British Fascist movement ready to subordinate means to ends and set in the forefront of its programme the restoration of economic independence based on a wide distribution of property? If so it will gain in strength.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE

SURE OF SHELL

The New Era in Europe

By Captain J. H. F. McEwen, M.P.

LET us begin by making the large and even speculative assumption that we are living in a new era, and that it started about five years ago. The statement need not be charged with dogmatism. The exact starting point of any era is a question more fittingly discussed, perhaps, by a fire-side circle than by serious historians. Nor is it likely that in either case unanimous agreement would be found. Take for example the highly interesting and not very important question of the date of the beginning of modern history. Was it 1789 or 1914? An excellent case might be made out for either year, and no doubt quite as convincing a one for half-a-dozen others in between. But I repeat, for the sake of the argument, let it be agreed that our era dawned approximately in 1929; which also saw the earliest beginnings of what we now term the great crisis.

What, then, are the signs by which we can recognise it? One sign surely there is outstanding: a simplification, generally speaking, of the issues. To a certain extent all over the world, and certainly in Europe, while the axis of political thought has shifted slightly to the Left, the divided camps have rallied on either wing to the extremes. That is, that while the whole stage, as it were, has moved to the Left, the grouping upon the stage tends, fissiparously, to the extremes of Right or Left. And it is a necessary corollary to the taking up of these positions that they should be held *uncompromisingly*. In this fact is to be found the explanation of the internal troubles which have been afflicting a number of European States of late. For this uncompromising attitude involves, to use the pleasing euphonism of the Russians, the "liquidation" of the Centre Parties, or more familiarly, the destruction of the Liberals. Which is, as often as not, a painful process; and one moreover, in cases where those marked down for destruction refuse

to accept their fate in a reasonable spirit, apt to lead to violence and disorder.

At the present time, of the two extremes to which reference has been made, Fascist Italy might be taken as the ideal example of the Right Wing and Soviet Russia of the Left. And the secret of whatever stability these two systems may now possess is to be found precisely in that which is the greatest cause of offence to their enemies, namely, the fact that in their inception they allowed of no compromise whatever. Which attitude is to be noted as much in Lenin's massacre of the Romanoffs and persecution of religion as in Mussolini's retention of the Italian Monarchy* and subsequent concordat with the Vatican.

Further, it should be made clear that neither fascism nor dictatorship form any integral part of the new Right dispensation; Monarchy, on the other hand, does. This may seem a strange doctrine to a generation brought up in the days of republican ascendancy, when the case for the opposite side was allowed too often to go by default. The extraordinarily interesting and significant fact is, however, that Monarchy is, *per se*, a Christian form of government; Republicanism is equally, *per se*, anti-Christian. "C'est l'idée de Dieu qui fait la différence entre les états," as André Suarès puts it. Or, to invert the dictum of King James I—"No King, no Bishop." Sir Stafford Cripps' recent attack upon the Monarchy in this country may have been tentative in its form, but it was certainly intended in its essence. He is the leader of the extreme Left in this country, whose programme he is trying to bring into alignment with that of the present European Left, and he is quite right in supposing that the abolition of Monarchy forms an essential part of that programme.

So, then, we have the widening tendency in European

* The King himself was primarily responsible for this. By persuading the Duce to retain the Monarchic system he saved Fascismo from an initial blunder which might well have cost the movement dear.

politics at the present time accompanied by a refusal, for reasons of self-preservation, to allow of the existence any longer of intermediate or Liberal shades of opinion. If carried out logically and ruthlessly this may, as we have seen, lead to stability of a sort. But it follows that any half-heartedness in the movement to either flank is likely to bring about disaster. According, therefore, to this theory the present state of instability in Spain is easily to be explained. Spain is attempting, forced thereto it should be admitted by the too equal balance of the opposing sides, to compromise upon the basis of a Liberal Republic of a nineteenth-century pattern. Which is the one form of government which in the new era cannot, apparently, be tolerated. Her movement was towards the Left, but beyond exiling the Monarchy, she has moved hardly at all, and since to remain where she is is out of the question, it is impossible not to imagine that ultimately she will be found in the Right group. As not infrequently happens, the strength of the Left, estimated usually upon their own reiterated statements, has been grotesquely exaggerated.

Nazi Germany offers a similar spectacle from the opposite point of view. In this case Hitler, having decided upon a move to the Right, has made the very blunder from the commission of which a study of Italian precedents ought to have prevented him. He has stopped short of a re-instatement of the Monarchy, whether by restoration or other means. He has, in fact, compromised, with at any rate, one accompanying result of grave import—he is now at loggerheads with Religion. Here again, according to the thesis propounded, no half measures are possible, and until the vital importance of rectifying her position in this respect is realized political stability in Germany can hardly be looked for.

There are two countries in Europe which by their traditions, not merely in democratic theory but in governance, stand wholly apart from the rest. The reactions of England and France to the prevailing political

tendencies in Europe at any given period are always apt to be peculiar. And so they are now. In the case of France the situation is complicated to an even greater degree. It is significant that the mob in Paris which caused the recent riots was composed of Communists and Royalists. Here, in fact, was the strange phenomenon of the Left and Right combining unpremeditatedly against the Liberal Centre, which in this case constituted the reigning power. The fact that the new Government of M. Doumergue remains a Liberal Government of the centre makes it permissible to hazard the guess that political stability in France is yet far to seek. On broad lines there is also justification for saying—although in such matters the many governing factors to be taken into account make it quite impossible to dogmatize—that had it not been for the Vatican ban on the Action Française a definite movement to the Right, that is a restoration of the Monarchy, might well have resulted. But if the two natural allies, Monarchy and Religion, are at odds, then their force as a dominating factor is neutralized. In fact it might be said without undue exaggeration that two men, MM. Maurras and Daudet, stand between France and her natural inclination to join the group of the Right. For the alternative of her joining the Left is in all circumstances unthinkable. But it is not necessary to suppose that France, in view of her peculiar position, will, any more than England, develop into either a wholly Fascist or a wholly Communist State. That she will be of the Right rather than of the Left may be taken for granted; but she may yet find a stopping place, with safety, short of the extreme.

And the same is true of England. But it is interesting to observe that the intellectuals on either side in this country have already sensed the new alignment of Europe and conformed. Both Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Stafford Cripps have judged rightly, and in advance of their respective parties, what the correct trend of that alignment is. Their mistake lies rather in

taking it for granted that their own country will necessarily evolve on Continental lines. Which, to say the least of it, is improbable.

What is, however, undoubtedly misleading is that up to a point England has moved, and is moving, along those very lines. The fissiparous tendency of political thought has been remarkable; and the accompanying feature—the extermination of the Liberals—is clearly to be seen. Now this process of extermination can be done by violence (as it still is done in Russia to-day) or by gentler, but no less effective means—as in this country. At the General Election of 1931 Liberals were offered the choice of self-destruction (if they stayed out of the National Government) or a more gradual death by absorption (if they came in). The choice was in fact between the knife and the hemlock. Actually it mattered very little which they chose as they were doomed in any case.

But it is characteristic that Mr. Lloyd George, being both clear-sighted and of an adventurous spirit, should have urged the former alternative. By joining the Government extinction was only a matter of time, whereas by staying out, although in point of fact being foredoomed, their fate was equally certain, there might well have seemed to have been a sporting chance of survival. So it was that Sir Herbert Samuel, in a desperate attempt to avert the inevitable, broke away with his remnant in the following year. But it could avail him nothing. Sentence had long ago been passed. The English had no need of machine-guns; they killed their centre-party in the traditional way—by kindness. And while England has, as was to be expected, thrown in her lot with the European Right, yet of that company she is likely to remain a somewhat aloof member, for the very reason that she will, within her own Right, have incorporated the bulk of the quondam Whigs.

Queen Victoria and Ireland

By Hector Bolitho (Author of "Albert the Good," "Victoria, the Widow and her Son," etc.

THERE are many commentators who say of Queen Victoria, "She lost us Ireland." Perhaps it would be nearer to the truth to say that she failed to *hold* Ireland—she failed to answer, in full, the plea of the Irish woman who called out to her from the tide of people in Dublin, when she saw the Royal children, "Oh! Queen, dear! Name one of them Patrick, and all Ireland will die for you." It has been said that the reason for the Queen's coldness—coldness which froze her feeling for Ireland to the end of her reign—was that the Irish had been rude to Prince Albert. In all the years of her rule the Queen spent less than five weeks in Ireland and almost seven years in Scotland. The affection she denied to Ireland she gave to Balmoral and to the Deeside—it was enshrined in the "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands" which was published in 1866. There was a chorus of praise in the newspapers. The naïve record of the day-to-day life of the Queen, of her picnics and of her health, her servants and her dogs, gave the people a peep into the seclusions of life at Balmoral. Lady Augusta Stanley was sceptical over the success of the book and she said that if the Queen had settled on Ireland instead of Aberdeenshire, "the ecstacies and interests that would have grown up would have been just as great" and that "Fenianism would never have existed." Lady Augusta realized the perils in the Queen's antipathy and when she went, herself, to Ireland in the summer, she wrote to her mistress, gently trying to draw her interest towards the rejected country. "How much I hope that Your Majesty may some day be able to see some of the peculiar beauties of Irish scenery. . . . I am certain that Your Majesty in no degree over-estimates the good that would result

from it. The people are very sensitive and so alive to anything that honours them and their country and *raises them and it* in their own estimation and in the scale of nations. . . ." Lady Augusta sowed her seed cleverly, but upon stony ground.

The Queen saw Ireland in the terms of unbending diplomacy, and the Irish people as so many dangerous, vexing insurgents. The Prince of Wales was attracted to a more simple and human side of the problem and he supported the views of both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, together with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that the one way to hold the distressful country would be to give it some form of royal patronage. The division of the people into those who left Ireland, embittered, for America, and those who stayed, in the anxiety of famine—appalled them. The passions of the Irish had always been a thorn in the Englishman's side and, in Westminster, thin-lipped Anglo-Saxons tried to understand the fierce and unreasoning Celts with as much success as a Colonial Office clerk attempting to comprehend the witch-dances in a Kraal in Bechuanaland. The division between Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, landlords and their Celtic, Catholic peasantry, was no less a tragedy. The Queen had been agitated when the Archbishop of Canterbury sanctioned an Episcopalian campaign in Scotland because, she said, it would lead to the rich being Episcopalian and the poor Presbyterian : a division which would bring disaster. She did not see the disaster already upon Ireland, where land owners and peasants were divided by race and religion, already living in the antagonism and misunderstanding which she feared would rise in Scotland. In September of 1867, armed Fenians rescued two prisoners from a van in Manchester. A police sergeant was killed and three of the Fenians were afterwards hanged. On December the 13th, the Fenians blew up Clerkenwell prison, rather incongruously, since two of their own "martyrs" were inside.

How could the English understand these mad creatures, who cut off their noses to spite their own faces? The one hope, it seemed, was to give Ireland the Royal patronage she wished by appointing the Prince of Wales to be Lord Lieutenant.

Mr. Disraeli wrote, a little dreamily, in March of 1868, that a house for the Prince in Ireland—in a hunting county—would combine pleasure and duty in the way "which befits a princely life." The last thing that the Queen wished was this picture of a gallant Prince, away from her control, free to hunt and amuse himself on the other side of the Irish Channel. She already thought him too much of a gadabout. "The country and all of *us*, would like to see you a little more stationary," she wrote to him in October of 1866. This further threat of freedom was "not to be thought of." Perhaps it is true, as she told Gladstone, that "she doubted the Prince's fitness for high functions of State." She was almost alone in this belittling of her son's talents. Three Prime Ministers, the Lord Lieutenant and the Prince pleaded in vain. Even General Grey, her secretary, was "very angry with her about the Irish matters." We may turn again to Lady Augusta Stanley, who knew the Queen's mind so well, for a searching comment. "I believe she is so afraid lest any of them should be taken up by, or take up the Irish so as to throw Balmoral into the shade, now or later. I really do."

The Queen remained so adamant that these champions of Ireland's need simply fell back, breathless and discouraged. Lord Spencer, who had been Lord Lieutenant, was so forlorn at the rejection of his design that he wrote frankly to the Queen's Secretary, saying that he felt inclined "to throw up the sponge and retire to his plough in Northamptonshire." The Queen was isolated and there was nobody to penetrate past the formality of address to help her. In such situations as this, one realizes the full tragedy of the Prince Consort's death,

for he alone could have guided her from this mistake. Even her secretary complained about her lack of graciousness at times . . . times in which she stood aloof, unguided, not knowing which of the many advisers she could trust. In her perplexity, she trusted none of them. Unfortunately the Queen trusted her own instinct and prejudice. Even the Prince, who so much wished that the Irish could be "humoured a little and taken notice of," at last fell back into torpor, under his mother's assurance that his plan for living in Ireland was "quite out of the question." He had to be content with a few, hurried visits, grudgingly sanctioned by the Queen. She gave her consent more generously when Mr. Disraeli asked her. Lord Palmerston had been blunt enough to point out that it was "politic and useful." Indeed, he had frankly and stupidly described the Prince's proposed visit to Ireland as "a journey for a political purpose in place of Her Majesty." Mr. Gladstone, who thought that the Prince had "much natural intelligence," had sharply announced to the Queen that the question of the Prince's residence in Ireland was to come before Parliament. The Queen was alternately suspicious and angry. Mr. Disraeli was more subtle when he became Prime Minister, in February of 1868. He pleaded to the Queen only for "the tranquilization of the disturbed country." He reminded her too, that her son might be installed as a Knight of Saint Patrick. He showed none of his political axes: the novelist turned to history for his argument and he told the Queen that, during two centuries, the sovereign had passed only twenty-one days in Ireland.

In April of 1868 the Fenian prisoners were released from Irish gaols in celebration of the visit of the Prince of Wales. He crossed the Irish Channel with England's olive branch in his hand. A few Irishmen in the streets saw the olives as aloes and there were slight hisses as he drove in an open carriage from Kingstown to Dublin

Castle. This was his first attempt at reconciliation among his mother's people. His smile and his gallant manner won the day. With Princess Alexandra sitting beside him, in Dublin Castle—with the Irish multitude still waiting outside—he wrote a letter to his mother. "There were an enormous quantity of people in the streets who cheered very lustily, and with the exception of a very few and slight hisses, the people seemed determined to give us a thoroughly cordial reception." St. Patrick's Cathedral was made glorious for the ceremony on the eighteenth, when he was installed as a Knight of Saint Patrick. There was a State dinner at the Castle in the evening and the Prince spoke, without any notes—a straightforward, sincere message of good will. The Duke of Cambridge, the Prince and the Princess, and the Lord Lieutenant sat in Dublin Castle after it was all over, planning to soften the Queen's heart. The Prince wrote "I only wish, dear Mama, that you could have been here instead of us." The Lord Lieutenant wrote that he was "hardly prepared for the progressive increase of welcome." Even the Fenian sympathizers had cheered. The Duke of Cambridge wrote "Come over to convince and satisfy yourself of the force of the affectionate feeling."

The Queen was not moved. She seemed to exclude her son still more from her confidence and a few months later, when she wanted to express her views about his proposed journey to Greece, she avoided writing to him, and she asked Lord Clarendon to send a letter, in her place. She thought it "more likely . . . to produce an effect."

For her, the Irish revealed themselves in full, in two incidents which she never forgot. In March of 1868, her son, Prince Alfred, was shot in the back by a Fenian, in Australia. In March of 1871, Lord Spencer unveiled a statue of Prince Albert on Leinster Lawn, in Dublin. Two months after the ceremony, the Fenians tried to blow it up. The incident in Australia made the Antipodes

ring with expressions of loyalty, but these viciously personal insults closed the Queen's heart against Ireland for ever.

There was another reason behind the Queen's suspicion of Ireland and love for Scotland. She was rigidly Protestant, as Prince Albert had been. Luther had translated the psalms in a room in the Coburg Castle in which he had played. The memorials of Lutheranism had surrounded Prince Albert when he was a boy. Popery and devilry were synonymous to the Queen, and her cold religion drew her away from all sumptuousness in worship. Many times it drew her away from the Anglican Church, for she liked the simple services of the Scottish Kirk. No matter how much she made friends of Dean Stanley of Westminster, Dean Wellesley or Dean Davidson, it was to Dr. Macleod that she was wholly devoted. She cried when she was told that he was dead. *His* religion she understood. On religious matters, she "could ask him anything." She saw the difference between the State worship—the confusion between the functions of Abbey and Parliament at Westminster, and the services on the Deeside, where the sacraments were rare and simple. In November of 1873, her anxiety over the Church reached the point of protest. She wrote to Dean Stanley of the state of the *English* Church ". . . its Romanizing tendencies." "She thinks a complete *Reformation* is what we want," she wrote, with honest motives, but little knowledge of what complete Reformations involved. She was against "dressing, bowings . . . and, *above all, all* attempts at *confession*." She attacked the *bigotry* and *self-sufficiency* of the Church and added that she thought it should "bethink itself of its dangers from Papacy, instead of trying to widen the breach with *all* other Protestant Churches." "The Church will *fall*," she threatened.

If she was so violent in her fear of the feeble attempts at Popery in the English Church how much more was

she afraid of the out-and-out Roman Catholicism of Ireland? She had refused to allow her son to be alone in the room with the Pope, in Rome, in case a word might be distorted, a phrase exploited, by the Holy Father of bigotry. The Queen was equally antagonized by the extreme of Evangelism, and when the Sankey and Moody Mission came to England in 1875, she deplored the "sensational style of excitement" associated with the movement. She thought theirs was "not the religion which *can last.*" In this unreasonable Lutheranism, there may lie still another reason why the Queen looked upon Ireland as the black sheep of her Imperial family.

Queen Victoria may have been intolerant in her dismissal of Ireland and the Irish, but there was courage in her scorn of the strength of the Fenians, as well as of their spirit. *Guelph courage* is a phrase among European historians. In the English line, George the Fourth was the only Sovereign who lacked it. Queen Victoria had laughed when a miscreant shot at her as she was driving past the Green Park, and when a second attempt was made on her life, she drove out of Buckingham Palace immediately afterwards, to draw the assassin out of hiding, so that he should be caught. She was little more than twenty then. She was able "to sit quite still" in later years, when a madman cut her face with a whip. In this, she was magnificently brave. She did not know fear, and when the Fenians threatened to kill her, in Ireland's name, the Queen perplexed everybody by her calm and fearlessness. She was almost fifty when, in the summer of 1867, a telegram arrived at Balmoral, saying that a party of Fenians had set out from Manchester to seize her. She said it was "too foolish," and she continued her long drives, unprotected, into the surrounding country. As Fenian passions became stronger, Ministers and friends were more and more anxious for the Queen's safety. She alone was calm.

When her servants saw her driving out into the wooded country at Osborne, there was mild panic, for rumours of plots came to the island almost every day. At last General Grey, the Queen's secretary, wrote her a letter indicating the dangers she courted. Everybody was afraid for her. He would go *on his bended knees*, he wrote, and ask her to leave Osborne, with its open shore and woods, and live safely at Windsor. The Queen defied all. She continued to drive in the woods and to walk down, past the pines and ilexes, to the shore of the Solent and she told General Grey, with fine anger, that she would *not* go to Windsor and that she would not "have it mentioned again."

5

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Peace in Cricket

By Sir Home Gordon, Bart.

IT may be admitted that Test Matches have assumed a disproportionate importance. When incidents occurring in them were debated in Cabinet Councils and threatened to affect our relations with one of our greatest Dominions, when personalities were bandied with a ferocity that surpassed that of any debate in the French Chamber and when thousands yelled at players as virulently as though they were Christians consigned to the lions in the Coliseum, surely matters went far beyond the limitations of the finest game ever contested. "That is cricket" has become proverbial for sportsmanship all over the world, and many besides the lovers of it lamented the exaggerated wrangle that occupied far too much space both in the Press and in general attention only a short while ago.

On the other hand, no one wishes to deny that Test Matches between England and Australia raise the game to an altitude in public interest that has no parallel except the result of the Derby and the university boat-race; whilst the issue takes far longer to be determined. When our side last visited the Antipodes, we had broadcasts—*via* Paris—of what was happening whilst we drank our morning cup of tea in bed, and editions of evening papers were on sale before anyone could reach his place of business. This is all the more remarkable when it is realized that there is no betting on cricket, though matches for high stakes were played a hundred and fifty years ago and, until 1883, four rules as to deciding bets were among the laws of the game "as revised by the Marylebone Club." The purity of the contest is unimpeachable, and even those most divided on the ethics of body-line bowling respectively assert that their side of the argument maintains the best traditions.

I am not going to traverse the dreary desert of the unduly protracted wrangle. But I would like to point

out that had the debated policy first originated with Australians over here, the Committee of M.C.C. would assuredly have waited until the end of the series of Test Matches before suggesting to the Australian Board of Control that the matter should be gravely considered. Instead: " unless stopped at once, it is likely to upset the friendly relations existing between Australia and England "—not only between the respective teams be it noted—was actually despatched before the termination of the third Test Match. Such precipitation was bound to exercise a prejudicial effect on the relations between the actual teams during the rest of the tour. I have been shown a letter from a deservedly respected Australian cricketer, who recently wrote that there was subsequently not much desire to go from one dressing-room to the other, implying that what fraternization was shown to our representatives came from past and not present heroes of Commonwealth cricket.

Wrangles between England and Australia in cricket are as old as touring itself. Over the decision of an umpire at Sydney, in 1879, there was an actual riot. Lord Harris, standing on the pitch, was defended by brawny George Ulyett brandishing a stump and A. N. Hornby—" the monkey " who never wore a cap—threw an offensive larrikin over the ropes. It was therefore a most graceful act of Lord Harris, at the instigation of C. W. Alcock, to captain England a few months later in the first Test Match at the Oval. As a small boy I witnessed that wonderful contest. The visitors were without the " Demon Bowler," and W. G. Grace played a great innings of 152. When the Australians followed on, their captain, W. L. Murdoch, bet the Old Man a pound he would pass his score, and he actually did so, making 153 not out. For the rest of his life Billy wore that sovereign on his watch-chain, and often showed it to me.

At the next Test Match played in England, in 1882, also at the Oval, as W. G. Grace was bowling, he put

down the wicket beside him, that of S. P. Jones, then only nineteen, who was given out for backing up too far. The pith of this incident is the length of Australian memories. When Arthur Gilligan was our captain in Australia in 1924, he was told of this several times and, never having heard of it, wrote home to me to send him the true facts.

Another sensation was that a batch of English professionals objected to the Australian tourists being treated as amateurs when they were receiving far larger emolument than the British paid division either at home or when touring in Australia. In this century six chosen professionals declined to play for England unless they received a larger fee. The majority capitulated before stumps were pitched, but at least one did not.

Nor has friction been only on the English side. Several Australian teams have been at complete loggerheads among themselves in this country. On one occasion, journeying to Brighton, the railway carriage was bespattered with the blood of some of the combatants. On another tour it was discovered that the reserve wicket-keeper selected had actually never worn the gloves in his life. Comparatively recently, the whole of one side sacrificed a portion of their emolument to bring over an extra bowler who proved completely futile on the field, which somewhat impaired the general harmony. On one tour, two of the side stayed away together from all the rest during every week-end.

A lot of "hot stuff" was made in a section of the Press about the regulations on the last tour about Australians dining out. I can only state that the manager, Kelly, was my welcomed guest on more than one occasion, and that the majority of his side raised no difficulty in accepting my hospitality. During a big match at Lord's, I met one of the team leaving the ground alone and took him then and there to dine at a club. The rule was made to prevent inexperienced newcomers getting into bad company, but it was never rendered the burden that it

was represented to be. This prompts me to express the earnest hope that, in the coming months, trivial incidents will not be magnified out of all recognition by those who care nothing for the good of the game and are only out for sensationalism to maintain circulation.

Few to-day probably recollect how selectors came to be appointed in England. For a number of years the England side, whether at Lord's, the Oval or Old Trafford, was chosen by the respective committees controlling the ground. On one occasion when England was playing Australia, Yorkshire refused to let off two professionals because the county was meeting Middlesex, and for the latter two amateurs appeared who had both been invited to play for the national side. After this incident, it was felt that Test cricket in this country had to be put on a broader basis.

Nor have selectors failed to come in for scathing and merited criticism. There was the occasion on a good wicket at Lord's that England was sent into the field without a fast bowler, and the most funereal misadventure was in 1921, when over thirty cricketers were chosen to play in the five Test Matches. One of those who did, when he received the invitation by telegram, thought it was a practical joke played on him by members of his county team, and needed a lot of persuasion to treat it seriously, being convinced that he had not the faintest claim to inclusion. Once the force of public opinion proved irresistible when poor Johnny Douglas was literally driven into the representative eleven by universal advocacy, and his reception by the crowd was something memorable.

From the past to the future. It is proverbially dangerous to prophesy, especially about cricket. Yet it is with confidence that I have entitled this article Peace in Cricket, for I am sure that there will be no friction between our most welcome Australian visitors and ourselves. They will certainly not be inviting it and are already assured of a most cordial reception both

off and on the field. If the weather proves favourable, probably all financial records will be broken, because enormous crowds will flock to see Bradman bat. To say that he is the star turn is not meant to belittle his colleagues. Victor Trumper and Charlie Macartney occupied the same concentration of popular attention when each was in his prime. The question asked on all sides is "How will Bradman be got out?" That query points to a most sporting popular interest in the coming tour. It is not part of my duty to answer it, though I think the problem may give my three friends on the Selection Committee some sleepless nights, for it may be anticipated that the great batsman is to-day a vastly finer player than when he scored that superb 254 at Lord's in the Test Match four years ago.

One man does not make a team, but Bradman only stands foremost in what should prove an excellent side. Woodfull is a skilled captain, Bertie Oldfield still a magnificent wicketkeeper, and we are all eager to see O'Reilly bowl and to watch the new slip fieldsmen. Recollect that, despite his age, Grimmett is a 50 per cent. better bowler in England than in Australia, that Kippax is a noble bat, whilst some of the new men promise well. Possibly all the fieldsmen may not attain the same standard and some change bowlers have yet to win their spurs. It is, however, clear that our struggle to retain the ashes will have to be a keen one. Whatever the result, I am convinced that it will here be accepted in a spirit of sportsmanship and great goodwill towards our visitors.

As I detest body-line bowling—which includes the special placing of the field, a fact too often lost sight of—after watching the demonstration of it by Martindale and Considine when the West Indians played England at Manchester last July, I trust it may be as obsolete as it is boring to spectators and players. For the second time in print, it is permissible to quote the wise and sober condemnation then made of it to me by P. A. Perrin,

the greatest living judge of the game: "It eliminates every batting stroke except one, and that is a bad one." Notts do not meet the Australians until August, and then I sincerely trust that Arthur Carr, in a county match, will not encourage Larwood to revive what we all devoutly hope is finally done away with.

At the Sports Night of the Press Club, the chairman of selectors, Sir Stanley Jackson, said it was vitally desirable that this year's cricket should show, without any shadow of doubt, that the misunderstandings had absolutely vanished and mutual goodwill was as firmly established as ever. In that the great English captain, who won the toss seven times in succession in Test Matches, is only voicing what we all desire and anticipate. Yet it needs reiteration as a greeting at the outset of the tour, one further benefit of which will be the interchange of the opinions of the cricketers from the Antipodes and ourselves as to any alteration of the l.b.w. rule. This cannot be done precipitantly, and I would like to see a reasonable change tested this summer in the competition of the second-class counties. The expression of peace and goodwill is a Christmas one particularly suitable this year to the promise of May. The hope may be added that players will not rely so much on defence, but adopt a method of offence, and that—contrary to the example set by Warwick Armstrong and since followed—the Australians will not treat their non-Test fixtures as merely gate-money exhibitions, but endeavour to obtain definite results. Then, in the words of King Gama, there will "be nothing whatever to grumble at."

N.R.A. and Corporate State

By Luigi Villari

IN many countries throughout the world new systems of political and economic life are being evolved under different names and following different trends, but having one feature in common—reaction against the traditional systems of the past, whether these be called Liberalism, *laissez-faire*, free trade, individualism or capitalism. In Russia the Soviet leaders are attempting to do away with the whole of the past, to nationalize the means of production and create a State based on the dictatorship of a single class. At the other extreme is the Italian Fascist Corporate State, which does not exclude capitalism or individual enterprise, but is correcting the defects and inadequacies of excessive individualism by means of State intervention, the State representing the nation as a whole, the consumer, *vis-à-vis* of both the employer and the worker. The United States, which seemed to be more closely attached to the old " rugged individualism " than any other country and where public opinion was traditionally hostile to all forms of Government control, is now undergoing a most startling revulsion and adopting a system of State intervention in business and social relations of the most thorough-going kind.

The reasons for this revolution—it is no exaggeration so to call it—are manifold. American public opinion was strongly individualistic because the country had been made by individual effort, and if this is true of most countries in their origins, in America the memory of the pioneer days was much nearer. Public opinion was, moreover, suspicious of State intervention because it distrusted its politicians and officials, not always without reason. It had, on the other hand, an unlimited and indiscriminating admiration for the successful business man, who was regarded as the prototype of everything that was big and magnificent in the land. There was, it is true, the anti-trust sentiment, which found expression in legislation, but the anti-trust laws were not

always observed and did not prevent the formation of certain huge trusts which the average American admired, even when he felt he ought to disapprove of them.

But the world depression and the subsequent debunking of the big bankers and financiers, many of whom were proved to be not only dishonest, but what was even worse, incompetent, produced a radical revulsion of feeling and a lack of confidence in the nation's erstwhile idols. For a time public opinion was groping about in the dark, trying to feel its way out of the terrible predicament in which the United States found themselves. The suspicion of politicians and officials was not wiped out, and it was largely concentrated on ex-President Hoover, who had promised them eternal prosperity and announced the elimination of poverty in his election campaign. The detestation of big business now coincided with that of traditional political methods, and although the victory of Franklin Roosevelt was more due to dislike of Hoover than to his own personal popularity, he secured a considerable measure of support on account of his campaign against Tammany rule in New York, a campaign which he conducted with great vigour in spite of the fact that Tammany was a Democratic body and he was himself a Democrat.

But once he had entered the White House, the new President set himself to find a remedy to the ills from which the country was suffering, and he soon succeeded in appealing to the imagination of the Americans and in securing strong popular backing on his own merits and for his own political and economic action. His policies have materialized in a series of measures which, had they been carried out in any other country, would have been stigmatized by most Americans as personal government or even dictatorship, and indeed many Americans do so regard them, particularly Republicans like Ogden Mills, the former Secretary of the Treasury.

The outstanding feature of Roosevelt's plan is the ever-increasing and strengthening of Government control

over business, and this has secured him the enthusiastic support of all those, and they are legion, who have lost all faith in the integrity and ability of the big business men. This control has two aspects: one is the attempt to get the country out of the present depression, and the other is the erection of a new economic system capable of preventing the repetition of depressions in the future. Indeed, one of the chief criticisms levelled against the Roosevelt policy is that it is trying to do the two things at once, and that the general economic reconstruction of the country at the present moment is a handicap to the salvaging of it from its actual troubles.

There are many features of President Roosevelt's New Deal, as his policies are collectively called, which resemble the only other attempt at complete economic reconstruction outside Soviet Russia, viz., the Italian Corporate State. It may be of some interest to compare the two systems, but before doing so it will be necessary to give a brief outline of the New Deal. The New Deal is embodied in the N.R.A. (National Recovery Administration) in general, and as far as industry is concerned in the N.I.R.A. or National Industrial Recovery Act, in the Agricultural Adjustment Act for agriculture, and in several other special measures, for banking, the stock exchanges, etc.

The trouble from which the United States were suffering was in the main the disastrous drop in commodity prices, which had brought the agricultural population to the verge of ruin and created a vast army of millions of unemployed in industry and trade. A large number of banks and financial houses collapsed, thereby destroying confidence in the stability of the existing institutions. At one moment there was even serious alarm lest Bolshevik political propaganda and economic under-selling, taking advantage of the general upheaval and discontent, might succeed in plunging the country into chaos and revolution. These fears proved groundless, but their very existence shows the state of apprehension

into which the people were plunged, amounting at times to veritable hysteria.

The new President's first measures on taking office dealt with the banking situation. In the period of prosperity the banks had undoubtedly made improper use of the facilities for issuing loans, and had thought only of securing the loans, regardless of their soundness, and then unloading the bonds on their clients. This resulted in huge losses to the investing public as many of the loans defaulted, and some means of protection against such practices was necessary. On Roosevelt's advent to power the country was menaced with a general collapse of the banking system. His Banking Act has gone very far indeed; it has driven the banks to dissolve their bond departments and to detach themselves from their security affiliates. Bankers dare not even advise their clients, lest they should incur responsibility should their advice prove injurious to their clients' interest. This measure, which was enacted as an emergency measure as though the country were at war, has undoubtedly handicapped the creation of new issues and prevents them from aiding recovery by extending credits. At the same time the Government is trying to force them to reopen credits. The Act also provides for the insurance of bank deposits up to 2,500 dollars, a measure which has been criticized as it has been tried in several American States before and has always given bad results. Nevertheless, the various banking measures did avert the immediate danger.

In the field of agriculture the New Deal materialized in the Agricultural Adjustment Act, designed to increase the purchasing power of the farmers, relieve agricultural indebtedness, liquidate the joint stock land banks and raise the revenue necessary for the purpose. The election of 1932 resulted in a vast majority of votes for the party associated with agricultural interests. The basic prices chosen as those to which certain crops were to be brought back, were those of the period from 1909 to 1914

(except for tobacco, for which 1919 was selected). Price increase was to be effected by reducing the acreage under cultivation and paying the farmer for such reduction. Loans were also to be issued to farmers, with a certain amount of their crops, valued at a price above the existing level, as security. In the cotton fields the situation was exceptionally serious, for the cotton planters had concentrated on cotton when its price was very high, and with the slump in prices many of them found themselves without any food to eat grown by themselves. They were in 1933 cultivating 41 million acres and ploughing under 10 millions. The Government now offered to lease 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. of each planter's acreage at 6 to 12 dollars an acre. By August, 1933, it was ascertained that the cotton crop was a million bales larger than was expected, and the price consequently remained low. The Government now offers to lend on present crops an amount in excess of their value in return for an undertaking to effect still further reductions next year. There is also talk of making reduction both of cotton and other crops compulsory, as it is feared that if the reductions effected do cause a rise in prices the farmers will be tempted to extend their acreage once more, and thus defeat the objects of the measure.

As there was also an excess in the production of pigs, the Government purchased and killed young pigs and sows, but by September it was found that 6,200,000 young pigs had been killed, or 2,200,000 more than had been planned, and only 200,000 sows, or one-fifth of the number planned. The farmers were willing to sell the young pigs, but tried to keep the sows in order to have more young pigs to sell to the Government.

In order to raise the revenue to pay these bonuses to the farmers, it has been necessary to make the urban population pay more for the commodities they consume by levying further taxes on them, notably by the processing tax.

Let us now come to the N.I.R.A. (National Industrial Recovery Act) itself, which is the most interesting part of the Roosevelt experiment and the one most likely to remain permanent and to effect a radical transformation of the country's economic life. Under its provisions the Government intervenes to regulate wages, hours, conditions of labour generally, production, and even to assign allotments of territory and markets to competing manufacturers. The objects of the measure were to establish better relations between capital and labour, to secure a better standard of living for the workers, to spread out the work and to reduce unemployment by limiting hours. The workers were also to be enabled to organize themselves into unions. But in order to secure these advantages for labour, the manufacturers too had to be given some compensation. They were, therefore, given the opportunity of coming together so as to eliminate cut-throat and unfair competition and plan for the future. The Government was to act as arbiter and secure fair play for all; the practice was called Government "partnership," as the expressions control or "interference" still stank in the nostrils of the average American.

To carry out these policies the President has been authorized by Congress to promote a series of "codes" for all branches of industry. Any association of employers which he finds truly representative of a particular trade may draft a code of fair competition, and if it is approved by him it becomes law and is applicable even to those groups who did not participate in drafting it. Every code must be approved by the President, and if a certain trade refuses to draft a code or causes delay and obstruction, he has means of bringing strong pressure to bear, even though he cannot by law impose a code, and continued resistance becomes very difficult. For a code to be approved it must not permit the establishment of monopolies, it must allow labour to organize, leave each worker free to join a union of his own choosing and

not force him in any way to join a company union (one formed by and within the company by whom he is employed). The employer must comply with the minimum wages, the maximum hours, etc., which have been approved by the President. The workers' unions do not take part in drafting the codes, but they are consulted by the President.

The chief advantages for the employer are that he is exempted from the operation of the anti-trust laws designed to prevent monopolies, although he must not create monopolies, and that he receives a measure of protection against unfair competition—false statements, information improperly obtained, partly filled packages, false labels, piracy of design, etc., which are made punishable by law. It is up to each industry to define what it considers unfair practices. Business men may come to agreements on higher prices, provided the higher level secures Presidential approval. Indeed, one of the main objects of the N.I.R.A. is to raise prices.

The President has appointed an administrator for the codes, General Hugh Johnson, an advisory council, the N.R. board, composed of members of the Cabinet, three advisory boards representing business, labour and the consumer, appointed respectively by the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of Labour and the President himself. In order to draft a code, persons engaged in a business avail themselves of their representative association, if they have one, and if not they create one for the purpose. It then prepares a code, which, after being examined by the various councils and boards, and after a public hearing, is submitted by the Administrator to the President, who may either accept it as it stands or modify it. When finally approved of by him it becomes law. This is a new kind of law-making, for in spite of the preparatory work conducted by the various boards and representative bodies, in the last instance it is the President who legislates, and it is this aspect of the system which in some quarters is

regarded as unconstitutional and liable to be so declared by the Supreme Court.

The first industry invited to prepare a code was the textile trade; it did so and presented a draft which provided for a rise of wages and the suppression of child labour, received the President's approval and came into force within three weeks. But the other industries raised difficulties and tried to avoid making codes, in the hope of a return of prosperity which would make them unnecessary, while some manufacturers speeded up work on the existing wage levels thus reducing the work which would be performed under the new ones. Then the President drafted what was known as the blanket code and issued it to some 5,000,000 employers; under its provisions each employer undertook not to raise his prices more than the operation of the N.I.R.A. would make necessary, to employ no one under 16, to increase the numbers of his employees and to try to get a definite code drafted before September 1, 1933.

If an individual firm felt that compliance would involve too great a hardship for it, it was to accept the blanket code provisionally, and petition the N.R.A. to amend its provisions. A whole industry might likewise petition for a public investigation.

By law compliance could not be enforced, but by means of a vigorous propaganda 88 per cent. of the employers signed the agreement or were under temporary codes. Enthusiasm for the New Deal seemed to have swept the country and a number of unemployed were taken back to work.

But there were difficulties in the way of enforcement. Certain factors operate in favour of, others against, the success of the measure. If the various industries can be made to realize that it is to their interest to police themselves and comply with the provisions of the codes enforcement will be easy. The American Federation of Labour urges organized labour to supervise the policy of all firms displaying the N.I.R.A. badge, but this

may promote disputes between capital and labour and make the New Deal appear in the guise of a measure for the benefit of labour and against the interests of capital. What is more important is the fact that violators of the accepted codes may be proceeded against under the Federal Trade Commission Act, and above all the President may, by means of the licensing system, debar violators from engaging in a given business. This is indeed the most formidable weapon in the Government's armoury.

There is, as I have said, the possibility that the Supreme Court may declare the whole system unconstitutional. If, however, it should prove economically successful the Supreme Court is unlikely to face the odium which by a declaration of *unconstitutionality* it would incur.

A more serious obstacle is the difficulty of finding a large body of capable, conscientious and energetic public servants to carry out the provisions of the New Deal. The lack of such a class has often proved an insuperable handicap to the enforcement of other reforms in the past, and the N.R.A. requires a number of such officials far in excess of anything dreamt of before. There are already rumours of graft in connexion with the administration of the codes. It is true, however, that with big business under a cloud, as it has been in the last few years, an ever-increasing number of the ablest brains in the country and the men of the highest character, are being attracted to the public service. The difficulty will be to create a tradition of unflinching duty in all branches of the civil service, the most modest as well as the highest, in a short time, and speed is the essence of success in a policy of this sort.

There will in addition be financial difficulties. Actually the increase of prices has outrun the rise of wages. Moreover the N.R.A. campaign is directed mainly against maladjustment between the production and distribution of consumers' goods rather than against unemployment

in the manufacture of durable goods where it is greatest. A large part of the men who have been taken back to work since the N.I.R.A. was enacted, estimated at four millions, are employed by the C.W.A. (Civil Works Administration), are engaged on work which is not directly profitable or necessary, and will lose their jobs when the appropriation for the purpose—$950,000,000—is spent. The hope is that the mere fact of giving some sort of employment to millions of men money will be made to circulate and recovery stimulated. But the C.W.A. is a disguised dole, and it is alleged that the work which is being performed under its auspices is inefficiently supervised by not always competent civil servants and is skimped. Other work of a more important nature is being carried out by the Public Works Administration, notably the development of the Tennessee Valley, and this is likely to add to the permanent wealth of the country.

I do not propose to deal with the currency policy of the Federal Government, as it is still obviously in the experimental phase and has not yet reached a definite plan.

If we compare President Roosevelt's New Deal with Benito Mussolini's Corporate State, we shall find both resemblances and points of difference. The circumstances in which the two policies were evolved are of course very different. The New Deal was conceived in a country of unlimited natural resources and endowed with vast capital accumulations, but stricken with a sudden economic catastrophe, and was designed to meet that emergency. It is, in fact, legally defined as an emergency measure.* It was only in the course of execution and as a second thought that it expanded into a system of national planning, which might become permanent. Italy is instead a country of small natural resources and densely populated. The idea inspiring the Corporate State was

* Section 1 of the N.I.R.A. begins "A National Emergency . . . is hereby declared to exist."

that of disciplining the nation's economic life, husbanding such resources as it possesses and exploiting them to the full. For this purpose the whole nation has been organized in a vast co-operative effort. The system was evolved several years before the depression as a permanently planned economy, although it is being amended and expanded year by year.

Both the Italian and the American systems aim at attenuating the excesses of super-individualism, and both admit the necessity of social legislation in the interests of the workers, although this legislation is a greater novelty in the United States than in Italy where it had been in force for some decades. The U.S. Government has gone further than that of Italy in direct intervention in business inasmuch as it has secured a controlling interest in several banks, and there is even talk of its taking over the whole banking system, whereas in Italy there is merely a measure of State supervision over the banks' activities. Under both systems monopolies and unfair competition are combated; but in the United States those problems have loomed larger than in Italy, owing to the far greater power of the big businesses as compared with that of the Government. On the other hand both systems encourage co-operation and understanding between businesses under Government supervision. In both countries public works have been decreed to relieve unemployment, but in Italy those works were more necessary than in the United States and are designed to increase the national income.

In both countries officials have been appointed to enforce the new regulations, and the courts of law have jurisdiction to punish violations. In Italy the labour courts have wider jurisdiction and more special experience, inasmuch as they exist for the purpose, while in the United States the President has greater power than any authority in Italy through the above-mentioned right to suspend or revoke licences to conduct a particular business and his direct intervention. In Italy, as in the

United States, tariffs are used to protect national production, and in both countries a system of bilateral exchanges is contemplated.

Both under the Corporate State and the New Deal rules are laid down for ensuring that the associations, on whom the task of drafting the codes and of collective bargaining devolves, are really representative, and the right of both parties to a dispute to select their representatives is recognized. In the United States these principles constitute a far greater innovation than in Italy, for labour was more weakly organized in the former country, and the craft unions were more important than the workers' general industrial unions, and this placed labour in a position of inferiority in its disputes with the employer, whereas in Italy labour is organized both in craft and industry unions. In Italy only legally recognized unions, whether of employers or workers, have the right of collective bargaining, and the rules for recognition are definitely laid down, whereas in the United States it is up to the President to decide whether, on general considerations, a particular union can or cannot be regarded as representative. An American worker cannot be compelled to join a company union or to refrain from joining one of his own choosing; in Italy company unions are unknown, and workers have always been free to join or not to join the ordinary unions. In the United States it has often been necessary to create unions *ad hoc* for the purposes of the New Deal, whereas in Italy they were already in existence in nearly all trades, although the union system was not so generalized all over the country as it is to-day.

As we have seen, the American codes must receive the President's approval to be legally valid, and in many cases he modifies them and even imposes them on the parties. In Italy agreements between capital and labour and those within the various groups of employers are approved *ipso facto*, provided that they conform with certain laws and regulations and with the provisions of

the Labour Charter. Collective contracts in Italy, concerning wages, hours, etc., are the result of negotiations between the parties directly interested.

It may be said in a general way that in both systems the principle of private property and that of private enterprise are maintained as the basis of economic activity, and that the State only intervenes when private enterprise fails, is inadequate or operates in a manner contrary to the common interest, or when private property is improperly used.

One essential difference between the two systems is that that of Italy is part and parcel of a great national revival—political, educational and spiritual, as well as economic and social—whereas that of America is exclusively economic and social, although in the long run it too is bound to have political reactions as well. The Italian corporate system has been already grafted on to the political constitution and the electoral law, inasmuch as candidates for the Chamber are nominated by the 13 general confederations of employers and workers and certain other great national organizations, and in future the connexion will be even closer with the establishment of definitely occupational representation. In the United States the Roosevelt system is in no way connected with the Constitutional system—yet.

There are further differences between the Italian and American methods of dealing with agriculture. In Italy the problem is still one of increasing agricultural production so as to make the best use of the country's limited resources; hence the great land reclamation schemes and the effort to improve and intensify farming. In the United States on the other hand, a large part of the crops must be exported to make agriculture profitable, but as foreign tariffs and the increased measure of independence of American imports which other countries are achieving have restricted exports, the policy is to limit production and put large areas out of cultivation.

Another outstanding difference is that in Italy the

machinery was created and already working long before the world depression came and before the rules and regulations applicable to the various trades were laid down, so that it has been comparatively easy to enact such provisions whenever they were needed. In the United States the machinery had to be created, while in many cases the President simply decrees what shall be done, after consulting a small group of advisers. In Italy there was already a strong centralized Government in existence, exercising undisputed authority over the whole country; in the United States the New Deal is an attempt to create such authority for the Federal Government in the face of the resistance of the supporters of State rights and the power of the great industrial and financial concerns, although recent events have considerably shaken the influence of the latter.

In Italy class war has been practically eliminated and the awards of an impartial State justice substituted for it; in the United States class conflicts still occur and are indeed one of the obstacles to the success of the New Deal, and the Government is pressed by some forces to support the workers, by others to help the employer, although the President is an essentially fair-minded man, anxious to do right. In Italy such questions are regarded in a different light, and the Government looks on them from the angle of national collaboration, independently of class.

Neither in Italy nor in the United States has unemployment been eliminated, but in both countries the problem has been attenuated in its incidence; in Italy the number of unemployed has been kept at about one million, or one unemployed to 42 inhabitants, and in the United States, where the total had been as high as 15 to 16 millions, it has been reduced to 10 or 12, but it still represents one to 10 or 12 inhabitants. But the reduction has been effected for the greater part by employing men in the C.W.A., on work which is regarded as largely unnecessary and of little economic advantage to the

nation, so that when the appropriation is exhausted there may be a severe recrudescence of unemployment unless other factors intervene to assist recovery.

There are notable differences of character between the men responsible for the two systems. Mussolini, having risen from the people, is perhaps in closer touch with their real needs and aspirations than the aristocratic Roosevelt, but no one can have greater sympathy than the latter for the troubles of his fellow-citizens. There was in the United States an instinctive demand for a true gentleman at the White House, and while Mussolini, in spite of his humble origins, is no less of a gentleman than his Trans-atlantic confrère, that type of man is relatively rarer in the political life of the United States than in that of Italy.

One thing which they both have in common is their deep sincerity of purpose and vigorous driving power, which appeal to the public imagination and constitute an invaluable asset for success. Mussolini has already achieved success, while Roosevelt is still at the beginning of his task. But possessing as he does many of the qualities which made Mussolini succeed, there is reason to hope that, in spite of certain defects in many of the individual measures comprised in the New Deal, the President may prove as successful as the Duce. There is in the United States much criticism of details, but there is also an enthusiastic confidence in the honesty of the President's intentions and a conviction that he will pull through. It is highly desirable that he should do so, for recovery in the United States will undoubtedly be an all-important factor in world recovery.

Penshurst Revisited

By Joseph Braddock

THE road declined, turned—full upon my sight
There burst gold-shining meadows; one tall elm
Spread coolness where red heifers slowly grazed.
Beneath the stone bridge water welled to join
That other stream named Eden; motionless,
Jack pike lay sunning; blue-backed swallows sped
Now here, now there, o'er mud banks taking insects.
I watched a little, waited: Oh, to see
A kingfisher, by goldcups alchemized,
Flash past, a living star of green! The wind
In light-filled oaks hissed gentle as a tide.
Near Penshurst Place the foursquare church-tower stood
Proudly among the emerald crowns of trees,
Casting dark shadow: the church clock struck three.
Sweet prospect! most blest village, dear to me,
Nestling in such luxuriant countryside
This June, this burning June! I'll foot it now
To oldest smithy and quaint butcher's shop;
And find my timbered almshouses, and the last
Cluster of pale wistaria trailing low,
Peonies and honeysuckle.—
Years fall back,
And Penshurst lives again the home of Sidney.
His noble heart! Oh, best adventurous days!
These gardens knew his childhood's toddling steps,
Who grew to manhood in an age supreme,
Who died, too young, his country's jewel and servant.
Great soldier, poet, shining son of England,
Lover of horse and man! does Stella's ghost
Still haunt these purlieus for her Astrophel?
That was a hard hour when the way of her,
At Chartley Castle with the Virgin Queen,
First lit the taper death alone could quench.
"Friend to Sir Philip Sidney," epitaph

Enough for any man!—and now he fades
As fades an air, the music that he loved;
Or painting vibrant yet within the mind.
I journey on, and pass a darling cottage,
Minute, warm-tinted, Kentish; pause, envying;
Press on again, find the half-shadowed road
Stretched like a ribbon flung to meet the hill;
Red oast-houses, by young, fast-climbing hops,
Slanting their witches' hats against the sky.
A blackbird alights close, his tail at see-saw—
Now listen while he flutes! What ecstasy!
How rich his praise! That stream was rightly named,
For surely this sweet land is veriest Eden?

The Budget and Slums

By B. S. Townroe, M.A., J.P.

IN the Budget presented to Parliament on April 17th, provision is made for over £16,000,000 to be taken out of the pockets of the taxpayers for housing subsidies.

This heavy levy on public funds is only a part of the bill in connection with housing. In addition every ratepayer in the United Kingdom has to contribute his quota of the rates towards these housing subsidies, and helps to meet weekly losses on nearly a million municipal dwellings. Every year sees a steady increase of the loss, and in the years to come our children and grandchildren will still be paying for houses, which by then will be obsolete in design, and in certain cases have already deteriorated into slums.

Some idea of the rapidity of the increase was given by Mr. Chamberlain, who stated that the total amounts paid by the State on account of housing subsidies were £13,668,333 for 1930–31; £14,520,831 in 1931–32; and £15,214,726 in 1932–33.

No one can estimate with certainty the extent to which the public purse will be further burdened owing to the very generous subsidies now being offered by the National Government in order to stimulate slum clearance. The ascertainment of the capital value of the various subsidies offered is by no means easy, for it alters from one half-year to another according to rates of interest. As is well known, the 1930 subsidy is based on a normal grant of 45*s*. per year for each person displaced by a slum clearance in England or Wales, provided alternative housing accommodation is built. It is generally assumed that the average number displaced from each slum house is five, viz. father, mother and three children. At present many Councils can borrow money at $3\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. from the Public Works Loan Board. The capital values

of the 1930 Act Subsidy calculated at $3\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. with half-yearly "rests" are as follows :—

		Capital value.
Normal rate - - - -	5 × £2 5 0 = £11 5 0	£237
Agricultural rate - - -	5 × £2 10 0 = £12 10 0	£263
Rate for high tenement buildings on expensive land -	5 × £3 10 0 = £17 10 0	£368

Some consider that these subsidies are too high, and they may be reduced when the rates come up for revision in 1936.

A wave of emotion is sweeping over the country on the subject of slums. But even those who are most distressed at the vile conditions under which so many of our overcrowded families are now compelled to live, in many cases because they are not capable of earning regular wages adequate to pay a regular rent, should exercise a little foresight, and give some consideration to the heritage of debt which we are calmly handing on to coming generations. In 1913 the public debt of this country amounted to about £18 a head, or £90 per family, or £360 per taxpayer. To-day the public debt amounts to £250 per head, £1,250 per family, and £5,000 per taxpayer.

A large part of this debt is, of course, due to the War, but we have been increasing our indebtedness in relation to the social services in general and on housing in particular ever since the Armistice was signed.

Under the Addison scheme of 1919, 173,000 houses were built. The loss on each of these dwellings amounts to about 15*s.* per week, paid by taxpayers and ratepayers, and this debt, a legacy of the Coalition, will not be wiped out entirely until after 1982. We shall in short, go on paying, dependent to a limited extent on rates of interest, nearly £40 a year, for half a century, for each Addison home. Unfortunately in many cases these houses are not occupied by those who are most in need. I have served on the Housing Committees of the London County

Council and the Hampstead Borough Council, and know therefore, the efforts that are being made, particularly in the County of London, to persuade tenants whose means are considered to be greater than would justify them in remaining as tenants of accommodation subsidized out of public funds, to vacate and obtain accommodation elsewhere. But this is a particularly difficult task to accomplish as is conclusively shown by the troubles that have arisen in Leeds during the last few weeks. As a consequence of the Socialist experiment to apply differential rents, over 2,000 municipal tenants have been called upon to pay the full economic rent. According to the Rev. Councillor C. Jenkinson, the Labour Chairman of the Leeds Housing Committee, some tenants are "asserting their right to receive certain housing subsidies for ever at the expense of the general body of taxpayers and ratepayers."

The truth, of course, of the position is that, not only in Leeds, but elsewhere, municipal tenants have become so accustomed to receiving an indirect dole in the form of an unduly low rent, that they very naturally resent any attempt to dislodge them from their privileged position. The Socialist Council in Leeds by its action has concentrated public attention upon the position. The whole of the truth is, however, not revealed. There are Addison houses to-day now standing empty, because the rents, even with a contribution of 15*s*. a week from public funds, are too high for the average working-class family. The economic rent of certain flats built under the 1919 Act would be about £2 a week. The policy adopted by the Coalition Government, largely at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George, forced up costs of building and therefore rents. Public memory is so short that we are forgetting the mistakes of just over ten years ago, and to-day there are signs that prices of materials are hardening. If care is not taken, the present slum subsidy, that is so much bigger than any subsidy given since Dr. Addison's day, may simply result in history

repeating itself, and money from the public purse disappearing in enhanced costs.

It is, however, only fair to consider the other side of the financial story. As well as the financial loss, there has been a real gain in the provision, with the help of the taxpayers, of over 1,000,000 new dwellings. These must have done much to improve our national health and sanity, and to reduce the demand for beds in our hospitals, for accommodation in our prisons, and padded cells in our mental hospitals.

Apart from the contribution in the fight against disease, crime and misery, there are definite assets on the credit side of the account. The official figures of the L.C.C. provide remarkable proof of the honesty and thrift of the rent payers in over 62,000 dwellings completed by the L.C.C. The total rental for the year 1932–33 was nearly £2,500,000, or over double the rental of only six years ago, and the amount of accommodation provided was more than doubled in the same period. During the summer holidays and after Christmas there is some difficulty in collecting rents, but in London, thanks partly to the character of the tenants and partly to the efficiency of those responsible for the administration, rents are paid with marvellous regularity. The irrecoverable arrears owing by tenants of dwellings on vacation on all estates during the year amounted to £4,439, representing approximately ·186 per cent. of the total net rental compared with ·188 per cent. in the previous year. The loss of rent by empties during the year was £9,941, or ·417 per cent. of the rent as compared with ·381 per cent. in the previous year. This increase may be accounted for by the fact that there has been a slight increase in the fluidity of the population on the estates.

Rents are not paid so unfailingly in the distressed areas on the North-East Coast or in South Wales, where Socialist Councils have allowed arrears to accumulate to the extent of thousands of pounds. On the whole, however, it is true to say that existing municipal tenants

have been selected with such care that they are good payers. But the cream has been taken off. Local authorities are now having to deal with the skim milk, the tenant who lives in some unsavoury back room or in a dilapidated hovel, and flits from one place to another, leaving his rent book behind. Many of the families who will be displaced by slum clearance are casually employed, or unemployable owing to mental or physical weakness. Accordingly efficient management, such as is recommended by the Moyne Committee, by properly trained men or women, is essential. Without firm management of many of the feckless families, who now constitute the heart of the slum problem, the eventual losses on the public purse may be staggering. We are trying, in fact, to deal at the national expense with a population which includes, though it is far from entirely consisting of, the sub-species of our nation.

Many of these families, who in the tropics would be called beachcombers, will have to be provided with new homes, if the five-year programmes of local authorities are carried out.

Out of 1,716 local authorities, 1,428 have already submitted slum clearance schemes which will affect a quarter of a million houses and will make the Councils the landlords of nearly 1,250,000 people. The responsibility for the lives of these tenants and for safeguarding the property provided by compulsory levies upon taxpayers and ratepayers will be enormous. No other nation in the world at any time in history has attempted such a task.

The National Government are not content with this, but have promised more legislation to assist the reconditioning of urban property and to try to reduce overcrowding. Further subsidies will be inevitable, but until the new legislation has received Parliamentary sanction, Mr. Neville Chamberlain has no need to make provision for their payment. In taking a bird's-eye view

of subsidies in relation to the present and future Budgets the position may therefore be summarized as follows:—

Subsidies are now offered under three Acts of Parliament:

(1) To encourage reconditioning in rural areas.
(2) To compel the pulling down of slums.
(3) To encourage private enterprise to build houses to let with the help of building societies.

In the Budget of 1935, if Sir Hilton Young's hopes materialize, there will be subsidies:

(4) To stimulate reconditioning in urban areas.
(5) To abate overcrowding.

Apart from State-aided enterprise, there is at the present time a house-building boom due to private investors. Within the one year up to the end of September last, 218,000 new dwellings were built—a housing record likely to be surpassed during 1934. Of these, 86 per cent. were homes suitable for wage earners and it is estimated that 19 per cent. were houses built to let.

There is, indeed, a real danger that, owing to the restriction of the birthrate and to the colossal efforts now being made both by municipal and private enterprise, before long we may be overbuilt, except as regards accommodation for the poorest and most feckless.

Apart from the financial and sociological consequences of the present housing policy, it may be permissible to suggest that politically the results may be unfavourable to the National Government at the next General Election. Housing and slum clearance are often unpopular. Families living in slums bitterly object to being moved from their old haunts, as was shown during April by the opposition to a slum clearance scheme at Folkestone. Local shopkeepers resent their customers being taken away, as was proved at a recent inquiry in Manchester. Residents in the districts to which the slum dwellers are removed protest, as recently in South-West London, at what they consider to be the depreciation of the neighbourhood.

Municipal tenants are apt to vote solidly for the party, as in the L.C.C. election last March, which offers to reduce their rents. Finally, neither taxpayers nor ratepayers enjoy paying the piper.

But a Christian community has a duty to do all in its power so that all the citizens may live in healthy homes, and on those grounds the provision of over £16,000,000 in this year's Budget for housing subsidies is justified. The Government must, however, face the probable unpopularity. The lessons of the past should not be forgotten, and every care should be taken, so that the maximum value may be obtained for every penny spent in housing subsidies in the future.

"Every dead body buried within our walls receives its accommodation at the expense of the living and to their detriment."

Public Health Report, 1859.

This statement is as true to-day as when it was made over seventy years ago by Sir John Simon, then Medical Officer of Health for the City of London. In 1874, the Cremation Society was founded under the Presidency of Sir Henry Thompson to promote a more Sanitary, Reverent and Economic method of disposal of the dead.

Twenty-six Crematoria have been established in Great Britain since the pioneer Crematorium at Woking was opened in 1885, and many others are in contemplation.

During the last thirty years cremation has been advocated and adopted by most earnest thinking people, including statesmen, clergymen, poets, painters, writers, and eminent men and women of all ranks.

Cremation is the simplest, the surest and the purest manner of rendering "ashes to ashes" so that our bodies do not become a nuisance or cause trouble to the living when we die, and you can support this movement by registering your name as desiring cremation at death. It will cost you nothing.

To ensure cremation with a minimum of trouble and expense to your family, a fixed payment of £5 5s. 0d. only—or six annual subscriptions of one guinea—covers all Membership dues during life and provides for your FREE CREMATION at death at any Crematorium in Great Britain.

Full details of membership, free registration forms and illustrated crematorium brochure forwarded post free on application to the Secretary, CREMATION SOCIETY, 23, Nottingham Place, London, W.1, opposite Baker Street Station.

Telephone: Welbeck 4168.

The Door that would not Close

By The Hon. R. Erskine of Marr

[*The following narrative, together with other papers, came into my hands at the death of a relative of mine. I give it here exactly as the text of the original runs.*]

I THINK it was about the year 1842 that I made the acquaintance of Count Alexander Renesski, a Russian. We met in London, whither he had come on business whose precise nature however he did not tell me. He was fond of pleasure, and that drew us much together; for I also was a man about town at the time; but what more particularly made us friendly above the common was that he was fond of music, a passion which I shared with him, though I had not, nor have, the knowledge of it which he had.

I next met the Count in Paris, a year or two before the troubles of '48 broke out. We then and there renewed our friendship, though he and I had corresponded fairly regularly in the interval. Before we parted on this occasion, he to return to Russia, and I to continue my journey to Rome, he pressed me much to pay him a visit at his country seat, which he informed me was situated no great distance south of Petersburg. I collected from his conversation, as from his mode of life in general, that his estates were considerable, and his circumstances more than easy.

Of course I professed myself infinitely obliged by this invitation; and I said, further, that it would give me vast pleasure to avail myself of it, though at the time I had no notion at all of going to Russia, my interests consisting in other ways and forms. Still, many a casual phrase spoken by way of civility, as many a word uttered by way of jest, comes to pass. In any event, just some such turn of circumstance happened to me at the time I mention; for not six months after the Count and I had parted I found myself obliged to undertake a journey to Petersburg.

From Petersburg I wrote to my friend acquainting

him with my arrival at that city. He replied immediately. He would take it ill, he said, if I did not go to see him. Accordingly, at his kind instance, the necessary arrangements were made, and, my mission at Petersburg being ended, I quitted that city.

I suppose his estate was situated some hundred miles or so south of the Russian capital. The country through which I passed was flat, and otherwise featureless. The roads were vile, and the prospects on all sides tame and uninteresting. Dense pine-woods flanked the way, but here and there these were broken by clearings in the forest, in whose poor soil some very indifferent agriculture was practised. Such few dwellings as I observed along the route looked miserable. Over the whole land a settled melancholy brooded. Nor did the countenances of such natives as I saw in the course of my journey in the least degree dispel this dismal impression. They were ill-clad and looked sullen, brutish, and half-starved.

My friend the Count, seated in a smart *troika* (a little low cariage drawn by three horses yoked abreast) met me some ten miles or so from my destination. We embraced very cordially; and the rest of the journey I completed in his carriage. We were driven at a furious pace, and with no little shouting on the part of the Jehu and the servant that sat on the box alongside him; but whether this was done to encourage the horses, or to stifle the cries that, bounding over so rough a road, were forced from me from time to time as we sped southwards, I know not.

My friend's home was a long, lowish, rambling building, like, I believe, in this respect to the generality of the seats of the Russian landed-nobility. It stood in a clearing of the forest which covered the whole face of the country for miles round. I dislike pines, and the proximity of so many of these gloomy trees made me melancholy above the common. However, I must allow that the interior of my friend's house was a deal less unprepossessing than I thought the exterior, and the

surroundings of it in general. It was very handsomely furnished. The rooms were large and lofty. Fine paintings hung on the walls. Rich silks and other hangings were everywhere; and Persian rugs of rare quality and great age were spread in profusion on the waxed floors.

The Count was a bachelor, and lived alone, save for a large staff of somewhat clumsy menials. "I have neighbours," he said with the air of one who is not used to attach much importance to the society of his fellow-men, "but I see little of them. Whilst I am here I divert myself with a little gardening and hunting, and with my books and music."

After supper, which is taken (as most things are done in Russia) very late, we withdrew to one of the drawing-rooms, a pleasant apartment whose long French windows opened out on to a terrace adorned with much statuary. Presently my friend went to the piano and began to play. For a while, I stood by his side admiring inwardly his great skill, and turning over the leaves for him. Next, I espied a stack of music-sheets on top of a seat hard by; and this I proceeded to examine. I had not been long about this business when I came across the *Moonlight Sonata*, which is a great favourite of mine; and this I asked my host to play.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not," quoth he, raising his eyes from the keys to mine.

"Of course!" I agreed, and soon his fingers were busy with another piece. But the incident of the *Sonata* left me wondering not a little what sort of objection he might have to Beethoven's masterpiece.

Later on that night we withdrew to yet another apartment, where light refreshments were set for us in the Russian manner. As soon as we were seated, "I don't like the room we have just left," says my host. "I do not make much use of it; for I believe it haunted."

"Indeed," said I. "May I ask why you think it haunted?"

The Count was silent for a while. Then said he :—"I've no objection. I know you to be a man of sense, one well able, and used, to judge for himself, so I feel I can speak plainly. Listen."

"About three years ago a dear friend of mine, a fellow-countryman, came to stay with me here for a while. One night, he and I were together in the Lacquered-room, as it is called—the room we have not long left. I was playing Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, of which, by the way, I am as great an admirer as you are, when suddenly the door opened, a little less than half-way. From my seat at the piano I saw that the lights in the passage leading to the room were out. My friend also observed the open door, and, rising from his seat near me, he crossed the floor to close it, for through it a strong and very cold air blew in on us. Imagine, however, his astonishment, and mine, when he found, on pushing at the door, that it would not shut. I continued however to play, and he to push at the door, though in vain. Apparently so entirely odd an occurrence angered as much as, doubtless, it astonished him; for presently, not content to use ordinary force in order to get the door closed, he proceeded to apply extraordinary to the same end. It was whilst he was thus employed, literally wrestling with the door in order to get it shut, that my attention was diverted for a while from my friend to the page of music before me. You have told me that you yourself are a lover of the piano, and a student of this great science in general; so you will doubtless understand me when I say that, becoming absorbed in the masterpiece I was playing, the man at the door, and what he was about there, passed from all cognizance on my part as completely as though he had not been present in the room. However, I was soon called back to the realities I mention in a very abrupt, singular, and indeed dreadful manner. With a loud groan, which, you may well believe, at once re-directed my attention to him, my friend fell heavily to the floor. I sprang from my seat, and went to him

with all the speed I might. The door, I observed, was now shut fast. I seized the handle, and flung it wide open, to find that the passage leading to the room was again bright with lights, and, further, that not a soul was there. Closing the door, I, with some difficulty, for he was a heavy man, raised my friend, and set him in a chair. Then I summoned assistance. Well, the swoon he was in lasted some hours; and when he came out of it he told me that he had not the smallest recollection of what had happened, though he remembered well enough, he said, going to the door to close it, the darkened passage beyond, and the intense cold of the air about him. You will hardly wonder now, I suppose, why I have no great liking for the Lacquered-room, nor yet for the *Moonlight Sonata*."

"A most extraordinary occurrence truly," said I, who indeed was at a loss to know what other comment to pass on it. "But what became of your friend?"

"To my unspeakable regret he died within a few months of the occurrence I have related to you," replied my host with a deep sigh. "After it, he lingered rather than lived, till the end came, and he was released."

I must allow that the Count's tale moved me greatly. Narratives in which there is a strong element of the supernatural have a singular fascination for many folk; and I must confess myself one of them. Neither to myself nor yet to my friend, however, did I attempt any reasoning in order to explain the occurrence of the door that would not close, and the other strange events that occurred that night. I knew well that all such reasoning would be vain; and, besides, at the time I was a deal more concerned to get the Count's assent to a project I had formed—which was to bring about a re-staging of the drama—than I was to theorize touching the cause or causes of it. "For my part," said my host, crossing himself, "I do not believe in meddling in these matters." However, at long last he expressed himself as agreeable to the plan I proposed.

I was very positive with him that there should be other witnesses to the experiment besides our two selves. "That can be easily done," said the Count. "I will invite some of my neighbours to supper, and afterwards we will have music in the Lacquered-room." And according as he said, so it fell out in due course.

It can be, and often is, exceeding warm in Russia in summer time. The day chosen for the experiment had been stifling, and now that night was come, little if any improvement in that respect was observable. The stars shone in a cloudless sky, and a bright full moon gave added brilliance to the heavens. The windows of the Lacquered-room were thrown wide open. The scents and balms of night, mingling with the perfume of exotic flowers, permeated the apartment, which was ablaze with tapers. It must have been on some such night as this (I communed with myself) that the great *Sonata* was formed.

It was a peculiarity of my host that he affected on occasions a style of dress that had long gone out of vogue. Ordinarily, he was clothed much as were other men of rank and fashion of his age; but on this occasion he wore, I remember, white satin small clothes, and coat and vest (both richly embroidered) of the same material. He wore, too, a sword at his side, and his hair was powdered, both which fashions had been entirely laid aside at the time I am speaking of. He was of low stature, and had extreme blue eyes; and as he stood among us that night, in his own fine room brilliant with lights and adorned with many a rare and costly article of vertu, it seemed to me that between him and the ghost-like world without was harmony of a near and subtle kind, a unity whose prevailing quality was mystery. But this of course I but venture by the way.

As soon as the strains of the *Moonlight Sonata* began to steal through the room I rose from my chair among the guests, and went to the piano. And here I should observe that none of the company present that night

had any knowledge as to what was a-foot, the object of the gathering being entirely privy to the Count and myself. I began to turn the leaves, even as the man in the tale told me by my host had done; but all the time I kept a sharp watch on the door. Would it open?

Midway through the piece my attention was somehow diverted for a moment from the door; and when I next took a look that way (which happened very soon) I saw that it was open. It was near half open; and at the same time the lights in the passage leading to the room were extinguished.

I left my friend's side, and crossed the room to the door. At first I felt no fear whatever. I tried to shut the door; but that I could not do. I used force to it, and then yet more force; but always in vain. At this, some of the company, who had seen me pushing at the door, made as though to come to my assistance; but, apprehending their intention, I motioned to them to remain seated. It was at this conjuncture that I began to feel afraid.

At first I did not feel afraid with a full force; but, little by little, the passion seeming to increase in me in proportion as I laboured at the door to get it shut; and how greatly I laboured at this business may be judged by the fact that soon I was in a bath of sweat, notwithstanding that the air in the neighbourhood of the door was cold as ice. And then another strange thing happened. Of a sudden I became mad with rage; and at the same time I felt, rather than saw, that the room behind me was in an uproar.

It was an honest Baron from a neighbouring estate who, despite the warning I had given the company, sprang to my assistance. I suppose that the contagion of my struggles at the door was somehow communicated to him with a force he could not resist. With a loud cry he, a tall, stout fellow, thrust me aside and hurled himself at the door, which however yielded to him not so much as an inch. At the same time a dreadful object, shaped

like a human arm, very thin, black, and hairy, appeared above the door, and, hovering there a moment like some evil bird of prey, the next, descending with incredible rapidity, it struck the Baron to the floor. Simultaneously, the lights in the passage reappeared, the door closed, and the music ceased.

When we came to raise the Baron it was plain that he was dead. I have no explanation to offer touching the events set forth in this brief true narrative. In cases of this kind 'tis ever best to leave each one to be the bubble of his own conjectures.

France and her Problems

By John Bell

OF all the problems with which France is faced at this moment it is difficult to say which are the more serious—those of an internal or those of an external order. Internal peace, seriously jeopardized by the sanguinary happenings in Paris on February 6, is certainly not yet stabilized by the formation of a Government under M. Gaston Doumergue, the former President of the Republic, a septuagenarian with a well-balanced mind, a man of courage, energy, and judgment, who has always put his country before party. M. Doumergue, exercising his quality of tactfulness and making good use of his natural *bonhomie*, is endeavouring to perform a task which, in some respects, is heavier than that successfully accomplished by M. Poincaré in the second half of 1926 and the two following years.

But the nature of his task differs enormously from that of M. Poincaré, difficult as this was. M. Poincaré had to save France from bankruptcy, to rescue the franc, which at a certain moment fell to 240 to the pound, and he got her out of her troubles, refilled her coffers, and put her on the road to prosperity by issuing the necessary decrees and passing Acts of Parliament which the serious situation demanded. The Radical Socialists under M. Edouard Herriot, who were held responsible for the financial cataclysm which brought France to the brink of bankruptcy, had to obey the crack of M. Poincaré's whip, and they did so without demur. It was a real National Government that saved France. The country did amazingly well when the party shibboleths were silenced, when the labels of political groups disappeared. Pity it was for France that these labels were restored.

M. Doumergue's job is more difficult than that of M. Poincaré, in that he has not only to unravel a tangle of party politics and restore order and confidence, but with M. Louis Barthou, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, he

has to take decisions which may conceivably mean peace or war in Europe. Thus the internal situation of France is complicated by the element of uncertainty as to her future security.

What has brought France to her present unsatisfactory condition, politically and socially? Undoubtedly her special interpretation of the party system of government, especially since the war, is largely responsible. Let us inquire briefly what has happened since M. Poincaré left the political stage. The party system of government was restored. M. André Tardieu, who had done well in M. Poincaré's National Government, came to the fore and found himself at the head of a ministry actuated by the desire to legislate in the interests of France. A man of vision and vigour, he conceived a bold scheme of national equipment which was destined to change the face of the country, making it one of the most progressive in Europe, but which, unfortunately, was not happily applied. M. Tardieu was feared, one might say hated, by the Radicals and Socialists who, perfecting their electoral machinery, increased their authority in Parliament and attached more importance to party domination than to the needs of the country as interpreted by those Frenchmen who place France before party.

Then followed a succession of governments which, if they differed in aims, pursued the policy of "Etatisme" or State Socialism which was practically unknown in France half a century ago. The State has now absorbed almost everything that was confided to its protection. It is a manufacturer and merchant; it manages companies; it has a finger in every pie. Instead of this process of absorption making for a strong State, it has made a weak one. The State has, in fact, been reduced to a condition of servitude. The General Confederation of Labour, the organization of trade unions, an illegal body, is in the position of dictating to it. The agents or civil servants, called fonctionnaires in France, whose syndicates are affiliated to the General Confederation of

Labour, are to all intents and purposes leagued against it. When, in the interests of a balanced Budget, it was decided to make cuts in their salaries, they threatened to come out on strike. Frenchmen generally have no sympathy with them.

Something like an impasse has been reached in the French parliamentary system, and now there is a strong feeling that unless something is done to solve the internal problem anarchy will spread, and a dictatorship of some sort, whether by a man or a party, will be instituted. It is the view of level-headed Frenchmen that the sure way of avoiding a dictatorship would be to modify two or three articles of the Constitution. M. Tardieu has made this suggestion, but the Radicals and Socialists, who formerly clamoured for a revision of the Constitution, are now crying "Hands off." For them the State, as it exists to-day, largely through their efforts made in the interests of their parties, must not be touched. They have vowed to break the politician who essays to tamper with the existing state of things, just as they hounded M. Millerand from the Presidency of the Republic when, with characteristic courage, he boldly announced the necessity for a revision of the Constitution.

Undoubtedly the real cause of the recent *emeute* was the popular dissatisfaction and even disgust with the present parliamentary régime. The Staviski affair, in which politicians, judges, and newspaper editors, without speaking of the recipients of the 1,200 cheques distributed by the master swindler, are involved, brought men and women into the street to voice their discontent—this and the removal from the Prefecture of Police of the popular M. Chiappe. It would be a perversion of the truth to assert that the bulk of the manifestants were moved to revolt against the Chamber of Deputies in the interest of Fascist ideals. The Camelots du Roi, who for years have seized every opportunity for demonstrating against the Republic, were only a section of the *emeutiers*. The old combatants who played a prominent part in the

tragic demonstration are not in the main politicians. They fought and suffered for the France they love, and they attribute the woeful internal situation of the country to-day to the politicians, and particularly the men of the Left, who they consider have made their sacrifices in vain.

The primary aim of the present Government is to pursue a policy of appeasement. M. Doumergue has already done what former Radical-Socialist Governments could not accomplish. He succeeded in getting through Parliament a Budget. An unbalanced Budget, however. What he has to do next is to tackle one by one those complicated problems on the solution of which will depend the restoration of confidence. The question is: Can he do this without interfering with the present State machinery? It is perfectly obvious that a new broom will have to be used. M. Doumergue has not yet defined clearly the sort of broom he will employ, and whatever it is there is no certitude whether the sweeping operation will be performed with sufficient vigour. The Premier's pleasing personality, his urbanity and his power of persuasion, will help him in his task. But something more will be required if he has to succeed to his own satisfaction, if he has to satisfy the country as a whole. Already certain elements of the Left, who used to speak of revolution, but are now silent on this subject, are showing signs of chafing. Should this spirit reveal itself in his Government—at present there are no signs of it; on the contrary, every member of the Ministry is conscious of the heavy responsibility resting upon him—M. Doumergue will not hesitate to throw up his job, and in this case, which is unthinkable, the confusion in France would be worse confounded. He was given the power to obtain what he wants by decree. Thus he has the same authority that was given to M. Poincaré in 1926.

Appeasement on a national scale, restoration of public confidence in the parliamentary institutions, effacement, if possible, of the masonic, that is to say, Grand Orient, influence in parliamentary affairs, revival

of trade, dwindling year by year, reduction in the cost of living, which is higher in France than in most other European countries, cleaner politics, tightening of the control of expenditure, inculcation of a patriotic as distinct from a purely party spirit—these are some of the things which M. Doumergue is trying to bring about for the good of France as a whole.

The balancing of the Budget, necessitating cuts in State salaries and war pensions, the premature retirement of 80,000 civil servants and other forms of compression, meant that £48,000,000 had to be saved.

While the theses are many and varied for the solution of the internal problems of France, it is a singular fact that Frenchmen, no matter what their political label may be, are of one mind on the question of disarmament, which, for the moment, is the most serious external problem that France has to face. The efforts of the British Government to bring about disarmament were not, to write plainly, sympathetically welcomed in France. It is not because France is against disarmament. She has already reduced her home defence troops by something like 55 per cent. since 1914. As M. Messimy, president of the Senatorial Commission of the Army, has stated, the home defence troops numbered 675,000 in 1914, 439,000 in 1925, and 300,000 in 1934. What France objected to was the re-arming of Germany. The French, as I have been able to testify, have an intelligence service as near perfection as possible, and there is undisputable evidence that Germany, without waiting for a convention which shall define her future armaments, is arming, not monthly, weekly or daily, but hourly. Consequently the hesitation of France to agree to the German army being raised to 300,000 men should be sufficiently comprehensible.

The French claim to know more of what is passing in Germany than most foreigners. While they give Herr Hitler full credit for his peaceful intentions, they hint that in this matter of the re-armament of Germany he is

influenced by the German heavy industry. It is suggested that the crushing of Communism in Germany was largely financed by this industry, which is now clamouring for its reward in the form of large armament orders.

The cause of French security, which is an obsession with Frenchmen, who insist, and will insist with passionate emphasis, that there shall be no more invasions of their territory—never had stronger champions than MM. Doumergue and Barthou. The latter is not only a shrewd, but an obstinate, man, deaf to argument or compromise on any question on which he has made up his mind. Let the truth be bluntly stated, then, that the French Government and people, whether they belong to the Right or Left in politics, did not like the British memorandum of January 29, and the military advisers headed by Marshal Petain, the War Minister, quickly found the snags in it.

What in reality were the principal French objections to the memorandum? It was objected to because the control of armaments envisaged was not considered sufficient. Then France did not like the idea of semi-military formations numbering two million men, trained, equipped and ready to start on a campaign, existing side by side with the German regular army. Why, it was asked, should Germany be given authority to re-arm before the nature and strength of her present armaments were known? There was serious criticism, too, relating to the guarantees for the execution of the future convention. There were no sanctions in the event of the convention being violated. If there were to be no sanctions, the French argued that the control of armaments would be practically useless, that, in short, the agreement would not be worth more than the paper on which it is written. As it stood the British memorandum did not give France the guarantees of security she had the right to demand.

There is another aspect of this matter which is causing apprehension in France. It is the attitude of England in the event of a conflict between France and Germany in which the latter was the aggressor. French opinion is

convinced that Germany would not attack if England made it clear that she would go to the aid of her ally in the struggle of 1914–18. Furthermore, Frenchmen have the conviction that history would repeat itself if the policy of isolation, no longer splendid, was pursued. Sooner or later England would be forced into the conflict. Who will say that Germany would have attacked in 1914 if she had known that England would fight against her?

Without sanctions in the event of the disarmament agreement being violated, without any assurance that she would be sustained by England if she was attacked without provocation, was it to be wondered at that France could not accept the British proposals? For her they meant the disarmament of France and the re-armament of Germany.

With so many internal problems to solve France has her hands very full at this moment, but her anxieties on this score will not deflect her from her purpose. Peaceable, anxious to co-operate with other nations for the common good, she will insist on her security, which means everything to her—her civilization and her life.

Effective control and supervision of armaments sanctions, in the event of a disarmament agreement being violated, guarantees that France shall be sustained if attacked—this was the French thesis when disarmament was first seriously discussed two years ago. It is a theme based on common-sense.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

March 15th.

WINDY, wet, and cold to-day, but I went to a local point to point meeting in spite of the weather. Good sport but wretched conditions. The ladies had the worst of it, for their race was run in bitter driving sleet, and it could not have been a very comfortable ride. In spite of the weather there was a big crowd. During recent years the general adoption of mechanical transport by all classes of rural society has multiplied the attendance by twenty, and changed these point to point meetings into fashionable race meetings. In some ways this is all to the good. For one thing it means that these gatherings provide one of the few opportunities for both town and country to meet—the countryside at play with the town sharing in the fun. For another they help to support the local hunt and also enable the committee to acknowledge the local farmers' permission to hunt the surrounding country. Even to-day, despite bad times, farming can accommodate a friendly, considerate hunt without suffering any appreciable damage in consequence.

March 16th.

This diary seems to be getting me into trouble, judging by a letter which is published in this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. I understand the reason for the letter—"Don't say anything against the Wheat Quota or the Sugar Subsidy. They are the only material help our farming receives, and if they are taken away we shall not get anything else." But I don't understand the other arguments it contains. The suggestion that the reason why any farmer grows wheat on unsuitable land is because there is no hope of reward from livestock farming is just the point I've been hammering at. Livestock, which produces 72 per cent. of our farmers' money income, has been ignored in favour of insignificant things

like wheat and sugar beet, which produce less than 10 per cent. of it added together. The bare fact that there is no hope from livestock farming points out that the policy is wrong. Practically all our smallholders are livestock farmers, but hardly any of them grow wheat. while the bulk of the income of the large farmers, even of those in the Eastern Counties, comes from livestock. Besides, both wheat and sugar beet are largely confined to one small district of Great Britain, while livestock is the chief branch of farming from John o' Groat's House to Land's End. Compared with livestock, both wheat and sugar beet are trivial little fleabites of our farming industry and, *over the bulk of our farming land*, both these crops depend on a prosperous livestock industry. I would inform my critic that I am not against arable farming, although I would stress the point that grass farming is by far the most important branch of our farming, and would point out also that arable farming cannot be carried on successfully over a term of years without livestock, which constitutes its mainstay. Furthermore, livestock farming, either grass, arable, or the ideal, a mixture of the two, employs far more labour than grain growing. In these days of mechanization, any increase in grain growing in this country will still further depopulate our countryside. The cry for a balanced agriculture is sound only when it faces present facts. It may be both possible and practicable to balance it on the broad basis of a prosperous livestock industry, 72 per cent of the whole, but it can never be either to try to balance 72 per cent. on something less than 10 per cent. Surely one is entitled to state one's opinion that our administrators started their farming policy at the wrong end when they began with wheat, and neglected the major portion, for until that major portion is put into a prosperous condition no amount of State aid for wheat or sugar beet can save the farming industry? And surely the present policy must have a weak case if it must not be criticized at all?

March 18th.

I was talking to a neighbouring farmer this evening about the present farming policy, and together we found another strong argument against further State aid for wheat and sugar beet. In the production of both these things the British farmer cannot give the town taxpayer and consumer a decent return for the money he spends, and no matter how any State aid to farming be concealed the fact remains that largely it is the townsman who finds the money. Neither in wheat nor in sugar can we compete with the imported article either in price or quality, so what return is the townsman getting for his money? Our own farming cannot supply all the nation's food requirements—we must import some food—and in the present state of world conditions our farming is entitled to some protection. Which shall we import—first quality cheap wheat or relatively dear stale eggs? Which shall we protect—our home produce of first quality or that of indifferent quality? Which should we have protected first—the main branch of our home farming or the smallest? These are questions to which our town voters will soon require an answer. My critic says that the Wheat Quota should be given a fair trial. I would suggest that it has received one, and that as a result it is patent that State aid for wheat is only playing about with the fringe of the problem and fostering bad farming all over the country.

March 22nd.

The old saying that wheat likes a wet winter and a dry summer seems to be proving true this season, for the wheat plants have not come out of the past winter very well. There are few thick plants, and many fields have had to have some spring wheat drilled through the existing crop. Still, I have seen very thin plants in March turn out a heavy crop at harvest time, and now that March seems to be making up February's deficit of rain, perhaps a few weeks of Spring warmth may come

along to alter things for the better. But despite the recent rains the countryside is woefully short of water and short of keep. I do not think that we shall turn out our cows to grass until the middle of April. Ah well, "it's always zummat" I suppose, but, taking a broad view of our climate over twenty years of farming, I must admit that it has been my helpful friend rather than my enemy.

March 24th.

The recent award of the independent arbiters under the Milk Scheme is a damnable one, and is bringing despair to dairy farmers all over the country. Their branch of our farming industry is by far the biggest individual one, and after years of callous neglect they had hoped much from the new scheme. The fact that a number of the leading dairy companies have offered dairy farmers better terms than those of the award speaks for itself. In spite of all the talk and moaning about surplus milk, the fact remains that to-day there is an active demand for it. New processing factories are being started, and these are eager to buy milk, and are seeking ways and means to pay better prices for it than those fixed by the arbiters. Still, Rome was not built in a day, and I have known a bad settlement do more good than harm. If this one will teach the Milk Marketing Board that its real purpose is to run our milk marketing more in the farmer's interest and less in the trade's, we may obtain some good from it. One thing is certain; without any national scheme there would have been still greater trouble. Farmers know this, and at N.F.U. meetings I have been struck with the general loyalty to the Board shown by dairy farmers, in spite of their very natural resentment at the recent damnable award.

March 29th.

The papers are full of requests to holiday makers this Easter to preserve rural amenities, so it seems hardly

necessary for me to add to the long list of "don'ts,' but here is one which rarely gets mentioned, and which, I think, annoys countryfolk more than most. When you visit the countryside, do appreciate its peace in these noisy days, and don't disturb it unnecessarily. The trouble is, generally speaking, that the townsman likes noise and the countryman hates it. To the latter it is always associated with something wrong—an animal hungry, thirsty, or in pain, stormy weather, a machine out of gear, an irate master, or an alien intruder. The town tripper to the country, on the other hand, does not seem to be happy without noise, and so he brings a gramophone or a wireless set with him to the country on Bank Holidays. Thus equipped, he can face the benign hush of rural England, but in so doing he earns the resentment of his country cousin. Surely the countryside should be all-satisfying without any mechanical noise?

April 5th.

The papers tell me that a farmer in Massachusetts gave milking cows some beer to sustain them in cold weather, and that one of the animals so fed established a State record for milk and butter fat production. I was telling one of my neighbours this to-day, and, while he did not approve of using beer as a feeding stuff for cows, he suggested that it might pay our dairy farmers to provide free beer for the independent members of the Milk Board. Well, it seems an idea well worthy of serious consideration. Surely if those gentlemen were drunk, they could not fix milk prices at a figure which *milk buyers are ashamed to pay!* That sort of brilliance can only be performed when intellectuals are cold sober.

April 9th.

More and more farmers are realizing the value of an old motor car of over twenty horse-power as an additional farm tractor. It can be bought for about ten

pounds and, for farm work, it needs neither licence nor insurance. It costs nothing, save when actually at work: the capital outlay is negligible; and it more than earns its annual keep in the hayfield. For chain-harrowing pastures, harrowing in grass seeds, or for harrowing growing corn, it is admirable, and its rubber tyres do far less harm on corn fields at this season than either a tractor or a team of horses.

April 11th.

At long last we have had a good rain, and the wind has left the East for the South-West. In other words, it is much warmer, and one can almost see the countryside getting greener every minute. Pastures which were a bare brown a few days ago are now a mat of small clovers. I should imagine that the season is a good three weeks late, but if we can get a wet, warm April, things should catch up.

April 13th.

More than a year ago I made a note in this diary that I doubted the wisdom of using quotas in our farming policy in preference to tariffs, and now that they have had a fair trial I see no reason to reverse my opinion. Quotas may have succeeded in annoying the British housewife and in helping the overseas producer, but they have put no money in the treasury, neither have they helped our farming industry to any appreciable extent. Surely tariffs would do both these last, and I do not think any form of controlled marketing or bureaucratic interference can succeed without their aid.

April 15th.

The more I study farming politics the more convinced I become that our administrators are making the mistake of trying to ride two horses at the same time. To endeavour to make the price of every one of our farming products a remunerative one seems absurd. Surely

a choice must be made. Dearer wheat or dearer eggs? Dearer oats or dearer livestock products? Let us back one or the other. To back all the horses in a race cannot be sound business. What can be the use of trying to foster a prosperous livestock industry on the one hand, and on the other to put tariffs on oats, which all farm livestock eat? Also a choice should be made as to which type of farmer should be helped. In other words, our farming policy should take its motto from the parable of the talents. "For unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The farmers who are doing best in a time of depression are the ones who should receive State aid, not the ones who are doing the worst. A hard doctrine, possibly, but isn't it a sound one?

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The Paris Peace Conference and After

By J. H. Morgan, K.C., D.L., Assistant Adjutant-General at the Peace Conference: Deputy Adjutant-General on the Commission of Control.

[*The first instalment of this article appeared in the April Number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

LET us now look, with the invaluable assistance of Lord Riddell's "Diary," and with some little contributions, when his Diary is silent, from a diary of my own, at the extraordinary way in which things were done at the Peace Conference. His book is primarily concerned with Mr. Lloyd George. Of "the doings and thinkings," as I once heard an emergency interpreter put it, at Paris of the Council of Four, we already have the story of two of the protagonists. The story of the greatest of them, Clemenceau, was given to the world in his "Grandeur and Misery of Victory."* The story of President Wilson, in a more impersonal form, is to be found in that voluminous American literature which we have analysed and synthesized above. The apologetics of Mr. Lloyd George have yet to come. Meanwhile, Lord Riddell gives us something to go upon, and something which, we may be sure, is entirely to be trusted, for, unlike Mr. Lloyd George, he has no political axe to grind and never had. The story is at once entertaining and instructive. Entertaining because Lord Riddell's book partakes of that character by which Dryden distinguished between history and biography—"in the one you are conducted into the rooms of State; in the other, you are led into the private lodgings of the hero and see him in undress." The book might be called "biographical" in that we do, indeed, see "the hero," to wit, Mr. Lloyd George—although he does not cut quite so heroic a figure in this

* Clemenceau's book was the subject of an article—"Foch and Clemenceau"—by the present writer in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for May, 1930, in which article is to be found the record of some conversations with Marshal Foch on the subject.

volume as in its predecessor—in undress. We hear him singing hymn tunes in his bath; humming music-hall songs in the drawing-room; being "shaken" in his chair by Lady Astor; talking—he is always talking—at breakfast, when few men talk, on the golf-course, in a motor-car, in a Pullman car, on a Channel steamer.

But it would be a great mistake to infer from this that Lord Riddell's book, lively and, indeed, enthralling as it is in consequence, is the small beer of biography. It is also history and for a reason peculiar to Mr. Lloyd George. For it is clear that the statesman's mind was never "off duty." Matters of State occupied his mind from his rising up to his lying down, but rarely preoccupied it—it would have been better if they had. His private lodgings were, for him, also the rooms of State. He was always prepared to talk "shop," obviously picking up a great many ideas in the process, and, too often, relying upon them, from the most casual encounters—was it not said of him during the war that his opinions on strategy were always those of the last subaltern he had met? He appears to have been equally ready to "switch off" from the weightiest matters of State to the most trivial incidents of social life, and to switch back again. Was this lightness of touch or levity? We cannot avoid the conclusion that it was the latter, and it is, no doubt, one explanation, but not the only one, of those disconcerting and often disastrous vacillations of his in grave matters of State with which we at Paris, and still more our Allies, were constantly confronted and disturbed. He confided to Lord Riddell, and the confidence is profoundly illuminating, that he "hated to be alone." The man who flees from solitude flees from reflection. He was in fact always living on his wits. It explains the fact that he really never had, from start to finish, any considered, much less consistent, policy in the tremendous world issues which confronted him at Paris. Lord Riddell was constantly struck by the fact that nothing ever seemed to worry him. No doubt! Because nothing ever impressed him. Lord Riddell regards it as

the mark of an astounding physical vitality. A more probable explanation is that it was the stigma of an astonishing mental superficiality. There is an amazing remark of his, recorded by Lord Riddell, when, someone having observed in his presence at the end of the Conference that it had been "a wonderful experience," inducing in the participators a "feeling" that one had been taking part in great events—"*I did not feel that!*" He must have been the only man at that Great Assize who "did not feel that."

This is the real explanation of many things that have puzzled critics of the Peace Conference who were not there. Never were so many reports written and so few of them read by the man for whose guidance they were intended. I recall the stupefaction with which the British member of the "Polish" Inter-allied Commission, now a distinguished Ambassador, told me how his committee, having reported on a certain day unanimously in favour of the cession of Danzig to Poland, read the next day a speech by Mr. Lloyd George, that the exact opposite of their carefully considered recommendation had been adopted. I had a somewhat similar experience of my own with the Rhineland Convention for which I was responsible. The same thing happened with those "Disarmament" clauses which embodied Foch's idea, the wisdom of which is only too apparent to-day, that the covenanted Germany Army should be a short-term conscript army instead of the long-term "voluntary" army which Mr. Lloyd George suddenly insisted on substituting for it. He had all the amateur's distrust—and an amateur in foreign politics he was—of experts. He disliked writing a State paper almost as much as he disliked reading one.

The "scrapping"—it amounted to that—of all the carefully organized machinery of the Conference in the middle of its labours, its contraction into the "Council of Ten," and its further contraction into the "Council of Four," exactly suited Mr. Lloyd George's temperament; and, it must be added, President Wilson's also. For both

were men of autocratic temper and inclined to be secretive; in other words, to take their own counsel. Both disdained their counsellors. Henceforth, the diplomatic atmosphere was a "Twilight of the Gods." Lord Riddell was the only man* who was allowed to penetrate it—it is that fact which, apart from his extraordinary sagacity and penetrating observation, gives his book its unique value. He was, as again at Spa, at San Remo, at Washington, where he played, as Lord Balfour testified, so distinguished a part, completely disinterested. Suspicious by nature of everybody, Mr. Lloyd George could not suspect him of any ulterior motives, for he wanted nothing. Lord Riddell was, in fact, indispensable to Mr. Lloyd George. For he was the accredited representative of all the newspaper proprietors of Great Britain, and Mr. Lloyd George thirsted for "publicity" as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks.

When Lord Riddell, thus privileged, lifts the veil in a way that enables one to penetrate the recesses—not that they were exactly profound—of Mr. Lloyd George's mind, we discover what those of us who were there always suspected, that never were great issues, fraught with the destinies of millions of people, so conversationally, and as a result so casually, disposed of and in the twinkling of an eye. The eye that twinkled was, of course, that of Mr. Lloyd George. He loved those secret conventicles and still more these informal methods. "Much business," he confided to Lord Riddell, could be done "over lunch or dinner," and was annoyed to find that the astute Clemenceau, the one man who was always a match for him, would never lunch or dine except by himself. "There is nothing like a heart-to-heart talk," he said to Lord Riddell on another occasion, to settle great international questions. "Conferences"

* There can be no doubt about this. Clemenceau himself kept Poincaré as completely in the dark at the Peace Conference as he had done before it (*see* Poincaré's new volume, *Victoire et Armistice*). Wilson kept everybody in the dark (Lansing, p. 215, and House, IV, p. 402). An American writer has left it on record that the American Delegation had to rely entirely on Lord Riddell.

grew upon him, as they have grown upon Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, like a bad habit. They were so much better, he confided, than the diplomatic "Notes" of the old diplomacy. As for letters, "they are the very devil."

How much was settled by a nod, how much by a wink, how much by a threat, we shall never know. Each of the four Olympians quarrelled with every other, and all of them, at one time or another, threatened to "go home." But there, as always, Clemenceau had the advantage of them. Living at Paris, he had so little distance to go. It was a long way to London, almost as long as to Tipperary, and to New York it was longer still. But what is quite certain is that the introduction of these interlocutory proceedings, especially when practised by a man of such unstable mind as the British Prime Minister, were responsible for much of the distrust which, until Mr. Lloyd George ceased to control it, British foreign policy excited both at home and abroad. As Lord Riddell wisely warned him, the British Press were accustomed to the tradition that information should come from the Foreign Office and "would not take a line from Downing Street as they always suspect a political point of view." The Press, to its honour, did not want to be Mr. Lloyd George's "personal publicity agent." But the Foreign Office, and with it its traditional methods, was completely side-tracked, not only at the Peace Conference, but for years afterwards—in fact, as long as Mr. Lloyd George was in power. His methods had, in fact, the very opposite effect which he claimed for them. They settled nothing. There are no such short cuts to international understandings as Mr. Lloyd George thought he had discovered in "heart-to-heart talks," for, as practised by Mr. Lloyd George, they leave no record behind them. "The habit of talking is so dangerous," said Halifax, "that a prudent man can scarcely afford to be a sociable person." Mr. Lloyd George was always sociable and never prudent. Contrary to all established practice, no record of his "talks" was ever kept—he talked too often and too informally to permit it. If you

have a conversation at all in diplomacy, it should be recorded at once, indeed, the sooner the better. The Foreign Office, of whom Mr. Lloyd George had so poor an opinion, could have told him that.* Indeed, there is only too much reason to suppose that Mr. Lloyd George often himself forgot one day what he had said the day before. It is the only explanation, or rather the only charitable explanation, as it is the only excuse, for all that he has said and written since about the Peace Conference. He was, as an authoritative American writer has put it on record, " a torrential talker in the Conference, but no one was ever quite sure, having heard him express an unalterable determination one day that he would not be unalterably determined some other way on the day following."† It was the demagogue acting the part of the diplomatist and acting it very badly—

> Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by turns and nothing long.

It is not surprising that so shrewd and impartial an observer as Lord Riddell, assisting, as he did, at Conference after Conference, each achieving nothing except to beget another, was moved to record in his Diary, " the world is not run on realities, but on fictions suitable for immediate consumption." Mr. Lloyd George " ran " every one of them as a kind of political " stunt " of his own, assisted only by that charming amateur Mr. Philip Kerr, who confided to Lord Riddell that the Foreign Office " had no conception of policy in the wider sense." It was a strange criticism to apply to a Department

* The invariable practice of the Foreign Office has been described for us by one of the greatest of Foreign Secretaries in the following words :—

> A conversation of importance with a Foreign Ambassador may last half an hour; when it is over the Minister sends at once for his shorthand writer and dictates a condensed summary of the talk. If the matters discussed are fairly simple, the Minister may have two or three successive interviews with different foreign representatives, and then dictate the separate records one after the other. But it is better to dictate the record of an important conversation immediately it is over.—(Lord Grey's " Twenty-five Years," III, chap. 30.)

† " Stannard Baker," II, p. 47.

conducted by one of the wisest heads in Europe, Sir Eyre Crowe, who had foreseen the German menace at a time, and, indeed, long before it, when Mr. Lloyd George, on New Year's Day 1914, was arguing for a reduction of armaments, as he was to argue again in 1928, on the ground that Germany was never more pacific. Mr. Kerr naively complained that "the Foreign Office did not in the least understand what Lloyd George was driving at." But neither did anyone else—not even Lord Riddell, who promptly asked Mr. Lloyd George's understudy: "What *is* the policy?" To negotiate with Russia "while helping the Poles to make war upon her" was, he suggested, not a policy at all, and was "angrily" reproached by Mr. Lloyd George with being "pro-French." But it is no part of our purpose to pursue the story, as revealed in these pages, of what may be called the decline and fall of Mr. Lloyd George. It is only important, in the present connection, in so far as it illuminates his curious identification first with the Treaty of Versailles and then with its repudiation by Germany. And the truth of the matter seems to be that unless one imputes to him an unscrupulous opportunism, his undisciplined imagination always got the better of his judgment. The severest critic of his judgments, herein contemporaneously recorded, is Time itself. In August, 1921, when "backing" the Greeks, he pronounced the Turks "a decadent race," militarily and otherwise, and the Greeks "a rising people," and believed, and "hoped," that the Greeks would recapture Constantinople. Within a few months Turkey was the strongest Power in the Near East, and Greece lay prostrate. In April, 1921, he declared that we had "no alternative but to fight it out" with the Sinn Feiners, and that "a republic at our doors is unthinkable." By the end of the year he had surrendered to the Sinn Feiners, with the result that to-day the unthinkable republic is there in everything but in name.

But let us return to Paris. There can be no doubt that, even after she had signed it, Germany never expected

that the Treaty of Versailles, least of all the disarmament clauses, would, in other words, could, ever be put into execution. We, of the advance party of the Control Commission, had a curious and dramatic proof of that as soon as we arrived in Berlin in October 1919. A conference was arranged between the German military authorities and ourselves, to discuss procedure. General von Cramon and General Nollet confronted each other across a table, the former, who had dexterously contrived to be there before the appointed time, supported by German officers with inscrutable faces on one side, the latter by Allied officers, watching them narrowly, on the other. General von Cramon moved a pace to take the chair, and in that strategic position promptly sat down. Nollet, still standing, rapped out, " I control here." Von Cramon countered with an observation that we were " the guests " of the German Government. Nollet, not to be outdone, declared the conference closed, and we retired in a body. It was the last, as it was the first, of such conferences. Henceforth the Control Commission was obstructed and " counter-controlled " at every turn. We came for six months—the term during which Germany had promised to disarm—and we were kept there, by her defaults, for just seven years. The Control Commission would still be there had not Germany undertaken—on paper—by the Locarno negotiations, to do what for seven years she had failed to do and thereby secured the evacuation of the Rhineland.

The occupation of the Rhineland was thus the lynch-pin of the Treaty of Versailles. Yet weeks, indeed months, passed at Paris and no one, in the British Delegation at least, seemed to be giving a thought to it until, early in April, I wrote to the Adjutant-General, Sir George Macdonogh, whose representative at the Conference I had the honour to be, pointing out that as our occupation of the Rhineland rested upon the terms of the Armistice, it would terminate with it, and suggesting that something should be done, and done quickly, to provide for its continuance by a Convention to that effect.

I was promptly instructed to proceed to Cologne to study the local conditions, to report thereon, to draft a Convention and, then after its submission to Foch, resulting in his approval, to pilot it through the Supreme Military Council at Versailles. All of which was duly and, I hope, faithfully done, and in due course the Convention was annexed to the Treaty, after being nearly shipwrecked by certain political adventurers and unemployed bureaucrats who, to the no small indignation of Foch, sought to emasculate it by a weird and paradoxical attempt to substitute a "civil" occupation for a military one—an entertaining story which I will not attempt to tell here. In the course of this duty I duly discovered the secret of the paralysis of the British Delegation. The reason why it was left to me to take the initiative was that the head of it, to wit Mr. Lloyd George, could not make up his mind whether there was to be a *post-bellum* occupation or not. He appears to have thought that the Treaty would execute itself without one. The story would be incredible were it not already attested by unimpeachable evidence. It was, indeed, "touch and go" until President Wilson insisted on this elementary precaution, and without his "stalwart" support the Treaty would, as Clemenceau has conclusively established, "have been a mangled corpse."*

But in another direction Mr. Lloyd George got his way—with results to be disclosed in a moment. No sooner had the "Disarmament" clauses been drawn up under the superintendence of Marshal Foch than Mr. Lloyd George, who had been absent in London, arrived on the scene, took them out of the hands of the military experts, and turned them upside down. For the system of compulsory short-service which they recommended, he substituted a system, as new and alien to Germany as

* *See* Clemenceau's "Grandeur and Misery of Victory," p. 219, etc. His account is fully borne out by Mr. Stannard Baker ("Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," II, p. 109), who records an amazing utterance of Mr. Lloyd George attacking the safeguard of occupation as being "only a method of quartering the French army on Germany and making Germany pay the cost."

it was unknown to the rest of Europe, of voluntary long-service with effectives limited to 100,000. Characteristically, he discovered in it "a political question." In vain did Foch point out that the only effect of imposing such a "servitude" upon Germany would be that the new army would serve as a cadre of long-service N.C.O.s, training an indefinite and unascertainable number of men coming and going on short-service enlistments. Mr. Lloyd George was captivated by the idea that by "abolishing conscription" in Germany he would set an example which the rest of the European world would follow and "wars would be no more." Not a single country has followed, or could be expected to follow. "Voluntary service" is as peculiar to England as the Bill of Rights. The results were exactly what Foch predicted. The German authorities first of all delayed almost interminably the abolition of conscription—I have, as the officer entrusted by General Nollet with the task of securing its abolition, only too good reason to remember it. When we had secured its abolition, as far as repealing legislation could secure it at all, they proceeded to establish a very effective substitute for it in the shape of such a camouflaged reserve as was, and is, far more dangerous to the peace of Europe than any conscript system would have been. A conscript system in post-war Germany would have meant an immense leavening of the army with millions of German workmen of Socialist sympathies. No doubt Foch foresaw that, as he foresaw everything. A conscript, just because he is a conscript, is not necessarily a militarist. The German military authorities took time to discover this, but discover it they did. But it is not Mr. Lloyd George's way, unlike greater men, to admit his mistakes. Hence his insistence ever since he went out of office and, indeed, before his exit, that the German military authorities had, from the very first, in the most obliging manner, "faithfully" done exactly what he, at Paris, expected them to do. According to him they positively jumped at his present of "a tiny army."*

* Thus Mr. Lloyd George in Nov., 1928—*See* The *Times*, 15 Nov. 1928.

This is, presumably, the explanation of the extraordinary misrepresentations* in the Commons in 1921 and 1922 of the state of German "disarmament." Those, be it remembered, were the days of the Coalition Government, of now discredited memory, in which Mr. Lloyd George held undisputed sway. And this is what the faithful Commons were told:

> "The present strength of the Germany Army is approximately 100,000."† (March 3, 1921).
>
> "So far as regards the limitation of the number of the Army, the Treaty of Versailles *has been carried out.* It is also the case that Germany is *effectively disarmed.*"‡ (July 4, 1922.)

The Coalition Government fell, unwept, unhonoured and unsung, and was succeeded, in due course, by a Government a little more studious of the truth. And this is the declaration to which its successor put their hand on June 4, 1925, just three years after the Commons had been told that Germany was "effectively" disarmed:

> "The Allied Governments consider it of capital importance to place in the foreground of their argument the general observation that these defaults—*these numerous defaults—would in the aggregate enable the German Government eventually to reconstitute an army modelled on the principle of a nation in arms.* This would be directly counter to the Treaty of Peace. It is this circumstance which renders the totality of these defaults *so serious a menace to peace.*" §

There was one member of the Control Commission who, having long before resigned a task in which he got little or no encouragement, read that announcement with a chastened feeling that in the long run truth has a way of prevailing. His identity does not matter, but, at the very time the Parliamentary answers, and many others such, above recorded, were being given to the world, he, as the British officer responsible for the

* I have unimpeachable authority for saying that the Foreign Office was no party to them.

† Hansard (Commons), vol. 138, p. 2010.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. 156, p. 194.

§ "White Paper" (1925), Cmd. 2429, page 3 (Note presented to the German Government by the British, French, Italian, Japanese and Belgian Ambassadors).

control of German "effectives," had been consistently reporting the very things declared three years later by the British Government in 1925 and denied by its predecessor. His reports are on record in the archives in London and Paris and, in October 1924, a certain Government Department in Whitehall gave him permission, in the most generous and appreciative terms, to publish the substance of them in an article in the "Quarterly Review." Therein was disclosed, for the first time, his report, strongly endorsed by the British Military Representative in Paris, that in 1922 the effectives of the German army were not "100,000," but 250,000, that the "100,000" army was nothing but a vast cadre of N.C.O.s,* that the men were being enlisted not for twelve years but for six months, that a large and unascertainable reserve was being rapidly built up—and so on. To be allowed, with a kind of "God-speed," to publish, in the public interest, these things just two years after he, together with his staff officer, had been peremptorily ordered, one bright summer day, to "report for demobilization" by a telegram in reply to a letter of remonstrance against the economies of truth practised in Parliament, was, even though that telegram had been almost immediately cancelled on the intervention of Marshal Foch, an *amende honorable* the gracefulness of which he would be the first to acknowledge. But by that time all the harm that the Coalition Government's misrepresentations of German "disarmament" could do had been done. The legend of a "totally disarmed" Germany had had too long a start with the British public. On the strength of it, successive British Governments found themselves forced more and more down the slippery slopes † of "unilateral" disarmament, with results to which the public are only just beginning to awake.

* The number eventually reached 40,500, exclusive of lance-corporals. Including lance-corporals, the 100,000 army mustered 72,000 N.C.O.s.

† See the remarkable speech, which escaped all comment at the time, of the present Secretary of State for War, Lord Hailsham, on 12th January, 1932, in which he declared "We have not got an Expeditionary Force at all."

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie.

ONCE more we are back in the fog of Disarmament, and amid the welter of proposals and counter-proposals the ordinary Englishman has not the vaguest idea how the matter really stands. One thing alone is clear, and it is, *pace* the Oxford Union, that 99 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom is prepared to fight for its own King and Country, but hardly anyone is ready to do so for somebody else's. If the circumstances of August, 1914, were reproduced, the response would be the same; but there is general opposition, by no means confined to the professional pacifists, to any arrangement which would automatically range Great Britain on one side or the other in the event of an outbreak of war on the Continent.

The position now is that any general reduction of armaments appears to be out of the question; the maintenance of armaments at their present level does not command universal support, quite apart from the fact that no one seems to know what the present level is; and so the only possible outcome must be re-armament, controlled or uncontrolled. If this be the case then this country must increase its armaments. France will only consent even to a moderate re-armament of Germany if we give her further guarantees, and there must be force, which we do not at present possess, behind those guarantees. If there is to be an armaments race, we cannot remain defenceless in a world armed to the teeth.

Armaments and Policy

WE have impaled ourselves on the horns of this dilemma because we have refused to face the fact that armaments must depend on policy, not policy on armaments. If we once formulated a definite foreign policy, it would then be possible to decide what armaments were necessary, and the rest of the world would speedily follow our example. The existing state of

affairs, where everyone is waiting on everyone else, is a vicious circle, which will one day be broken by war, if we persist in our present counsels.

The British Empire to-day is living upon sufferance. The Navy does not possess two-thirds of the minimum number of cruisers necessary to patrol the trade routes, and many of its ships are both slower and less heavily armed than those of the same class in the service of other leading naval Powers. It is doubtful whether the Army could put two divisions in the field at the end of the mobilization period. The Royal Air Force is, in point of quality, the finest in the world, but in size it is so inadequate that it would be quite incapable of both defending the British Isles against aerial attack and co-operating with the army in the field. Successive administrations since the war have forgotten the words of Stratford Canning, written on the eve of the Crimean War, in circumstances not dissimilar to those of to-day: "The extreme desire for peace, if care be not taken, may bring on the danger of war."

An Encouragement to Aggression

AS an Empire, we constitute the largest mass of unprotected plunder the world has ever known. In the event of war with either France or Italy, assuming the other remained neutral, the Mediterranean would probably have to be abandoned to the enemy until a decision had been reached elsewhere. Our pacifists delight in representing Japan as a predatory Power, bound by no scruple, and then proceed to give her every encouragement to prove herself such. She could take Hong Kong almost without firing a shot; it would be impossible for Singapore to make any effective resistance, and only a confirmed optimist would deny the practicability of landing a Japanese expeditionary force in Australia.

It is useless to say that a coalition against us is out of the question. It would have been formed at the time

of the South African War had it not been for the overwhelming strength of the British Navy, a strength which no longer exists. Had unilateral Disarmament brought real peace and security it could be defended, but it has done nothing of the sort. Our example has not been followed, while our defenceless condition has deprived our opinion of its old weight in the world. The experiment has failed, and it is the duty of the Government to cut its losses, and once more make armaments depend upon policy.

The Only Policy

GREAT BRITAIN is in Europe whether her inhabitants like it or not, and what happens on the mainland cannot be indifferent to her. We have tried splendid isolation in the past, and it has proved to be neither splendid nor isolation. George Canning laid down in 1824 the principles upon which British policy should be based :—

> "To preserve the peace of the world is the leading object of the policy of England. For this purpose it is necessary in the first place to prevent to the utmost of our power the breaking out of new quarrels; in the second place, to compose, where it can be done by friendly mediation, existing differences; and thirdly, where that is hopeless, to narrow as much as possible their range; and fourthly, to maintain for ourselves an imperturbable neutrality in all cases where nothing occurs to affect injuriously our interests or our honour."

To adapt this to the circumstances of the present day means that Great Britain should not enter into any Continental alliances, but that any aggressor would have to count on her hostility. If we become the ally of any one Power, the other nations will know where they stand, and make their preparations accordingly. If we wash our hands of Europe altogether the effect will be the same. We must cease peddling unwanted advice round the capitals of the world, and when we speak it must be with a decisive voice. If the Government would make up its mind along these lines an armaments race could be prevented and peace would be assured.

The Danubian Problem

THE recent agreement between Italy, Austria and Hungary affords reason for hope in respect of the future of the Danubian countries, for it is the first step towards the re-creation of a large economic unit in that part of Europe. As an optimist remarked the other day, "If all goes well, we may yet get back to 1914." All previous attempts broke down because they were on too ambitious a scale, and Signor Mussolini showed very real statesmanship in being content to begin in a modest way. Sooner or later the Powers of the Little Entente will have to come in (the door has been left open for them), because they will not be able to afford to neglect the Austro-Hungarian market.

The position of Czecho-Slovakia is particularly difficult, for she is on bad terms with Poland, and is in terror of Nazi Germany, so she can only look South. Fifteen years of tortuous intrigue have left M. Benes with no choice but to accept a Hapsburg restoration as the only means of preserving his country's autonomy. Rumania is clearly in no condition to pursue a strong foreign policy, while Jugo-Slavia is looking for support against Italy to the very quarter that the Czechs fear most, namely Berlin. How much longer the Little Entente can hold together even in name it is impossible to say. Its demise would be a definite asset, since it has for years been the main obstacle to that revival of the Dual Monarchy without which it is proved there can be no prosperity in the wide area watered by the Danube.

A German Reverse

WHAT is a triumph for Rome is clearly a reverse for Berlin, and Herr Hitler appears for the moment to be content to cut his losses. The return of the Hapsburgs will mean the end of the *Drang nach Osten*, for no one can be in any doubt that the Archduke Otto has no intention of reverting to the fatal policy pursued by the Austro-Hungarian Empire for the fifty years previous to the

late war. So long, too, as Italy can prevent it Austria and Hungary will not form a closed market for German industry alone, and the millions of marks which German manufacturers have spent on Nazi propaganda in Austria have been wasted. This Danubian agreement is the biggest diplomatic defeat the German Chancellor has yet sustained.

Is Italian friendship worth the price of recognizing that the *Anschluss* is impossible? That is the question which Herr Hitler must answer, and the odds are that he will do so in the affirmative. He has not many friends abroad, and if Russia does apply for admission to the League of Nations Germany will be in an extremely difficult position. Italy, on the other hand, is very well situated indeed, thanks to the Duce's masterly diplomacy, since she has both France and Germany competing for her good offices, while at the same time she is the dominating factor in Danubian politics. As Signor Mussolini is a good European, and sincerely determined to keep the peace, this state of affairs is eminently satisfactory.

The Italian Election

THERE has been a good deal of ill-informed comment in this country with regard to the recent Italian election, and the Liberal Die-Hards have been protesting that the result (10,025,512 votes for the regime and 15,265 against it) does not represent the views of the Italian people, in spite of the fact that 99·36 per cent. of them voted, as compared with barely 50 per cent. in pre-Fascist days. The ground of this complaint is that voting was open since there were two ballot-boxes, one for the ayes and one for the noes. An Italian election is a plebiscite, and our democratic friends are very fond of plebiscites, that is provided the latter go their way.

When the plebiscite was taken in the Two Sicilies in 1860 on the question of incorporation in the kingdom of Italy the voting, which was open, resulted in 1,734,117

in favour, and 10,979 against. The comment of the Liberal Professor Trevelyan on this, in "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," is that "if the plebiscite exaggerated, it did not belie the opinion of the people." The democrats cannot have it both ways, and if the Neapolitan plebiscite expressed the wishes of the people, then so did the Italian election the other day. But what of English local elections, where hardly a third of the electors trouble to vote? Whom does the new London County Council represent?

The Corporate State

IN view of the statements which are being made in some quarters to the effect that the establishment of the Corporate State in Italy is not being attended with success, the following figures are more than usually interesting. They represent the percentage of unemployed to the total population :—

United States	8·1
Germany	6·2
France	6·2
Switzerland	6·2
Czecho-Slovakia	5·3
Great Britain	5·2
Canada	5·1
Holland	4·2
Denmark	2·3
Italy	2·1

In January of the present year there was a fall in the number of Italian unemployed, compared with the same month in 1933, of 54,868, and in February of 125,837. These statistics are sufficient answer to those who maintain that the Corporate State has proved a failure.

A Significant Article

A GERMAN correspondent writes :—

"It is reassuring to note that the intellectual leaders in Germany are moving against the literary

gangsters who have been wearing out the language as ruthlessly, if less subtly, than slick biographers like Emil Ludwig. In the current number of "Deutsches Volkstum" Wilhelm Stapel publishes an article by Werner Beyer, which says that the time is past when men without any capacity to write may unload tripe on the strength of their seniority in the National Socialist party. More than a hundred worthless 'folk novels' have been released to be carried by the enthusiasm of the movement."

"Beyer quotes Schopenhauer: 'In order to read what is good, it is essential not to read what is bad, for life is short.' 'The false pathos,' he says, 'worked up in these inept productions of well-meaning incompetents is quite terrifying. Words in the use of which it is impossible to apply too rigid an economy are lightheartedly driven to death. To use words such as duty, spiritual outlook, resolution, sacrifice, service, responsibility, etc., on every other page is to talk reality threadbare.'"

New Books

NO higher praise can be paid to the third, and concluding, volume of M. Charles Benoist's "Souvenirs" (Plon, 36 frs.) than to say that it is the equal of its predecessors both in interest and in importance. In it the author gives an account of his career in the Chamber as one of the deputies for Paris, as well as of his missions to Italy during the war and of his ministry at The Hague, where it was his official duty to keep a watchful eye on the activities of the German Emperor. There is much, too, about the early careers of Briand, Poincaré, Barthou and Doumergue, and concerning Combes and the *fiches*. Perhaps the most significant pages of the book are at the end, where M. Benoist declares that forty years of public life in the Third Republic finally convinced him that the only hope for France is the restoration of the Bourbons. No one who wishes to understand modern French politics can afford to neglect M. Benoist's "Souvenirs."

In Italy there has recently appeared a notable work entitled " Undici Anni," by Kathleen Romoli (Marangoni, lire 15), which gives an account of the rise and progress of Fascism in extracts from the speeches of Signor Mussolini. The author, who is British by birth, is warmly to be congratulated upon a volume which enables the reader to follow, to a remarkable extent, the working of the Duce's mind during the momentous years with which it deals. This book should serve to whet the appetite for the official definitive edition of " Scritti e Discorsi di Benito Mussolini " (Ulrico Hoepli, lire 15), of which four volumes have already made their appearance. The first of these contains the war diary of Signor Mussolini, whom, it will be remembered, the war affected very differently from the way it did our own Prime Minister.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HERBERT AGAR**

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Literary Notes

Modernism at its Best

IN "These Hurrying Years," An Historical Outline, 1900–1933 (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Gerald Heard has written a book of real interest. It is in part current history, in part propagandist interpretation. The conservative will find it a Bible of untruth, but he will also find it useful and worthy of respect. For Mr. Heard is never merely silly. He holds all the wrong opinions, but he has taken the trouble to understand what can be said against them, and to find answers, in terms of his own premises, to these objections. Even readers who can accept none of his premises can learn a great deal from his book.

Like most modernists who find the past distasteful, and who are irked by the present, but who nevertheless hope for a glorious future, Mr. Heard assumes that the problems of his generation are in all respects new. "This our generation," he writes, "is unique. Beside its strange

experience, the experience of all other generations is commonplace." And again, "Our thirty years of contemporary Europe have not only been far more full of history and achievement 'than a cycle of Cathay,' but more, too, than the Roman Empire's fifteen hundred years of decline, fall and gradual reascent." The unique feature of the age, to Mr. Heard, is its "growth in self-consciousness." In this he is right; but he is wrong in thinking that the same feature has not marked many similar ages in the past.

In the early period of a culture, the instinctive faith, the religious affirmation on which the culture is built, is stronger than the sceptical, rationalizing mind. Science and thought are the servants of religion. At a later stage —the flowering period of a culture—a more even balance is attained. Religion and science and philosophy are for a brief while allies. But the balance is perilous. As the civilization grows older the religious faith that is its basis tends to weaken; the balance tips in favour of the scientific spirit in thought, and of pure introspection in literature. A period of intense self-consciousness, combined with rich practical achievement, has been the normal prelude to the end of a civilization. For science leads to an annihilating self-criticism, which prevents it in the end from even pretending to teach the meaning of life; and introspection leads to the Proustian effort to find a substitute for the Kingdom of God in the *temps perdu*—an effort consistent with much subtlety and much beauty, but which leads to no finality, no truth; so this road also ends in nihilism and despair. In other words, our sudden growth in self-consciousness is not, as Mr. Heard thinks, a new thing on earth; and neither is it, as he thinks, a wholly good thing. It is a danger-sign; and it is as old as the decline and fall of civilizations.

Mr. Heard shows this same naïveté toward other modern danger-signs. For example, he notes the growth of what is almost an intermediate sex, between men and women. And he appears to note it with approval, for

he comments, " Our knowledge of life has shown us that sex is not the invariable way of life that we have imagined and our special knowledge of the only other creatures that have attained and passed our degree of social life, the termites, ants and bees, shows that when a certain elaboration and perfection of social life is reached, then sex is much curtailed and the main work of sustaining this elaborate life is done by types which are inter-grades and have been relieved of what is now an unnecessary limitation to and distraction from a more effective way of living." Indeed, Mr. Heard seems to think that the more sexes the better, that eight or ten would be a sign of progress, for he writes disparagingly of the way in which the possibilities of human differentiation " are disguised as long as the world is crudely and finally divided into two sexes and two only." But surely history teaches something pretty clear about the meaning of a sudden proliferation of homosexuals? Surely it is eccentric to welcome this as a sign of a new dawn? Does Mr. Heard, I wonder, salute each evening's dying sun with an *aubade?*

Plutocrats

"THE Robber Barons," the Great American Capitalists, 1861–1901, by Matthew Josephson (Harcourt Brace & Co., $3·00), has not yet been published in London, but it is a book of such topical interest that it is worth ordering from New York. Mr. Josephson has made a compilation of the main facts about the men who appropriated the United States during the forty years following the Civil War. The book is not well written, and the author is too inclined to ascribe the whole growth of American capitalism to " economic necessity "; nevertheless, " The Robber Barons " tells, with fair accuracy, a story that is both horrifying and instructive. It should dispose, once and for all, of the myth that there is something glamorous, something vaguely splendid, about these great men of money.

Mr. Josephson's title suggests that he himself was a little taken in by the legend of greatness which surrounds these thieves. The name, robber baron, connotes physical courage, a personal recklessness which may accompany the meanest of deeds but which in itself is pleasant. Perhaps Mr. Josephson did not mean to compliment his subjects by giving them this name, but merely to suggest that they were up to the same old game of grabbing property by force. But the suggestion is false. It was a new game these men were playing—the game of grabbing property by safe and secret force. There is a difference between the man who steals at the risk of getting an arrow through his throat, and the man who steals at the risk of having a writ issued against him by a judge whom he knows he can buy. The prerequisites for this new game are exhaustless greed, and lack of scruple; given that, the game is no more dangerous than stealing pennies off a dead man's eyes. It is interesting to notice, in reading Mr. Josephson's book, that among all these boring plutocrats the only one who stirs a shadow of sympathy is the unspeakable Jim Fisk, who at least had room in his wild nature for other vices than avarice. " Nothing is lost save honour," he commented after a slight defeat in the Erie Railway war—and the phrase smells fresh, coming from that sty of hypocrites.

The theme of physical cowardice runs through the story of these " robber barons." All but one or two were young men at the time of the Civil War—the war that was being fought to give them their chance to spoil their country. Yet they all stayed modestly in the background, content to sell the Government leaky boats or worthless rifles, or to advance it a little of its own credit at a good rate of interest. One of the younger Mellons thought of enlisting; Mr. Josephson quotes from the letter the boy received from his father: " I had hoped," wrote Judge Thomas Mellon, " my boy was going to make a smart, intelligent business man and was not such a goose as to be seduced from duty by the declamations of buncomed

speeches. It is only greenhorns who enlist. You can learn nothing in the army . . . All now stay if they can and go if they must. Those who are able to pay for substitutes, do so, and no discredit attaches." From Jay Gould (who, on being threatened by an angry victim, went so far as to give the man $25,000 of the man's own money), to the latest "robber baron" whom we have watched skulking through the Balkans and the Levant, it seems to be agreed in high financial circles that to cowardice "no discredit attaches." No wonder Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who spent twenty-five years in the railway business and knew these men well, wrote in his autobiography, "Not one (of the great figures of finance) that I have ever known would I care to meet again either in this world or the next; nor is one associated in my mind with the idea of humour, thought or refinement."

The "compleat" banquet assumes PERRIER-JOUET—1923 for the toasts and D·O·M. (Véritable Bénédictine) with the coffee and "smokes."

The Seventeenth Century

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. By BASIL WILLEY. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)

IN "The Seventeenth Century Background," Mr. Basil Willey has given an exceptionally clear and well-balanced account of the movement of the English mind during the seventeenth century away from scholasticism towards what may be roughly called scientific humanism. The resolve "to extend more widely the limits of the power and greatness of man," as Bacon wrote, has for the last three centuries been accepted as the self-evident aim of intelligent human beings. Towards the close of the nineteenth century doubt began to creep in, and in 1913 the late T. E. Hulme, an unbalanced but interesting thinker, brusquely exclaimed: "As if it were not the business of every honest man at the present moment to clean the world of these sloppy dregs of the Renaissance!" The war immensely strengthened the feeling that the power and greatness of man were not shown to the best advantage in the mere exercise of his control over the material resources at his disposal, and to-day the confusion and uncertainty of the modern world are attributed by a growing body of thinkers to the rejection at the Renaissance of the spiritual basis of life. "The Western mind," Mr. Christopher Dawson, quoted by Mr. Willey, recently wrote, "has turned away from the contemplation of the absolute and eternal to the knowledge of the particular and the contingent. It has made man the measure of all things and has sought to emancipate human life from its dependence on the supernatural."

It is one of the great merits of Mr. Willey's book that he discerns the tendency of every movement of the human mind to reproduce the faults of the movement from which it is reacting. "It is significant," he says, "that Bacon's charge against scholasticism is almost identical with that of M. Maritain and Mr. Dawson against the very movement of which Bacon was the herald; both parties accuse their opponents of pride, and of making man the measure of all things; and both

claim to be on the side of true humility." To believe without ossifying one's belief in a rigid classification of its component parts is possible to very few men. Contrasting Shakespeare with Coleridge, Keats praised this gift under the name of Negative Capability, by which he meant the strength to refrain from formulating intuitions which are destroyed by too anxious scrutiny. Elsewhere Keats put the same thought in a sentence quoted by Mr. Willey: "Man should not dispute and assert, but whisper results to his neighbour." From the same standpoint Mr. Willey points out that both the theologian and the scientist tend to leave their proper spheres: "Religion ceases to be scientifically humble, and science ceases to be metaphysically humble." How religion ceased to be scientifically humble when expounded by Aquinas is set forth by Mr. Willey. For the scholastic philosophy, he says, the important consideration was not how things behave, or what their history might be, but how they were linked with Total Being, and what, in a word, was their metaphysical status. Starting with a view of the universe as divinely regulated, Aquinas explained its constitution according to his idea of a rational scheme of things, thereby committing himself to a number of statements which were later disproved by scientific enquiry. The heavenly bodies, in the scholastic scheme, were incorruptible, and of a perfect sphericity. Being committed to this opinion, the adherents of the scholastic system were upset when Galileo discovered that there were mountains on the moon, and the Professor of Philosophy at Padua refused to look through Galileo's telescope, shrinking from ocular evidence of the imperfect sphericity of the moon.

The completely prosaic view of the universe in which the movement inaugurated by Bacon closed, with Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding, was the logical result of the scholastic attempt to make Eternity intelligible in terms of time. Aquinas explained the mystery; Locke explained it away. Aquinas brought the fire of

Heaven down to earth; Locke put it in the grate. Aquinas trapped the Absolute; Locke domesticated it.

The influence of Locke and his successors on Wordsworth is the subject of Mr. Willey's last chapter. "Wordsworth's relation to the 'scientific' tradition," he writes, "is not quite simple. In a sense he is in violent reaction against it, and yet it conditioned much of his poetic experience. . . . His poetry was 'scientific' in that his interest lay in the free relations between the mind of man and the universe to which, he believes, it is 'so exquisitely fitted'." It was this element in Wordsworth's work which horrified Blake, making him call Wordsworth an atheist, and he could not reconcile it with the vision of perfection in the Ode on Immortality. To separate the unsurpassable greatness of Wordsworth's best work from the factitious philosophizings of his inferior work, it is necessary to realize that when he was not inspired he was frightened of the heights and depths revealed to him in his moments of inspiration. The exquisite mutual adaptation of the external world and the mind of man, the simple virtue of the Cumbrian dalesman, and all the other formulas which he invented or borrowed in order to reassure himself under "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" serve only to obscure his unique power of illustrating the truth he summed up in the line: "We feel that we are greater than we know."

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Germany

THE TRAGEDY OF A NATION. By PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN. (Faber and Faber.)

GERMANY'S THIRD EMPIRE. By MOELLER VAN DER BRUCK. (George Allen and Unwin.)

GERMANY REBORN. By GENERAL HERMANN GOERING. (Elkin Mathews and Marrot.)

AMID the whirls of conflicting opinions, currents and cross-currents, both in regard to and within the present régime in Germany, it is difficult to keep a clear head

about the whole business. No estimate can be purely objective. Either we are Fascistically inclined or we are not. According to the strain in us, whether temperamental or reasoned, we must go, subject to due reservations, with Hitler's movement or against it.

Of these three books, two of them (one prophetically—it was written in 1922) regard the elements that constitute the Third Reich as providential; the other, as the title indicates, the tragedy of a nation. Yet they are all three written by idealists. This is possibly the real tragedy.

At all events the three authors meet on common ground in their condemnation of the Weimar Republic, which even Prince Loewenstein describes as discredited from the start and utterly colourless and matter-of-fact. The whole domain of the spirit, he writes, was beyond its ken. It lacked all imagination; there was no spark of genius in its founders; and throughout its drab history it produced no leadership. It gradually grew completely out of touch with the masses, and, while the support of the Right had to be enlisted to crush Spartacist revolts, nothing was done to foster social justice in the community. Thus arose the Communism which gave the handle to national socialism. On Prince Loewenstein's own showing, pretty well every department and branch of life was in a state of complete disintegration. Even the Youth movements, which were his special province, were all at sixes and sevens, and the Reichsbanner Association, on which he had pinned his faith, was dying from internal divisions, absence of Government support, and once again lack of real leadership. His attempt to mobilize it in defence of the Republic, when the latter was finally threatened on July 30, 1932, met not only with no response, but with absolute rejection by Severing, the controller of the Prussian police. So came about the *coup de main* of the Papen Government and the way was definitely prepared for Nazism. Why? Because, as Prince Loewenstein admits, the German Republic was

already dead; and he brands its surrender as "a concentration of all the incompetence, the inner cowardice and falsehood, the lack of energy and goodwill of the Social Democrats and the supreme leaders of the Reichsbanner."

The condemnation of the Republic by General Goering could hardly be couched in stronger terms, though he dwells with greater insistence on the corruption and loosening of morals, public and private, that the November Revolution and the Weimar Constitution brought about, on the evil influence of Jews in every sphere, and of the imminent danger of Communism, which, for his part, Prince Loewenstein considers exaggerated.

Herr Moeller van der Bruck, in by far the most interesting and least emotional book of the three, goes down to first principles, and criticizes in turn the series of doctrines which have inspired the various political programmes up to date—above all, Liberalism, which he describes as "only self-interest protectively coloured," and again as the "death of nations." Marxism, Reaction, Democracy, as currently understood, Freemasonry, are all outworn theories. None have created any positive values. Only the Conservative creed is capable of adjustment to modern conditions, for "it preserves values of tradition as well as property and opposes the force of personality to the force of the masses." Thus the only true solution is National Socialism in its strict terminological sense. But to the attainment of this new condition of things real leadership is essential, and "leadership is not a matter of ballot-boxes, but of choice based on confidence. . . . Human welfare cannot be left to human caprice."

Does the reign of Hitler correspond to the aspirations of a critic who was able, with a minimum of passion, to estimate the psychology of his country, when it had fallen into the depths of despair over its humiliations from without and its impotence within? "Germany's Third Empire," he writes, "will come into existence when we will. But it will live only if it is a new creation, not a slavish copy of the earlier Empires."

It is easy at this stage to find every conceivable fault with the Nazi régime, its origins, methods, excesses, standardization, its lack of humility and of a sense of humour. "To be true," Goering writes, "we are fanatics, for nothing big can be achieved without fanaticism." The question is whether anything big *can* be achieved, for it must be admitted that Italian Fascism had little of its vast achievements to show after only a year of power. Also it must be admitted that it had an easier task before it than Nazism.

Moreover, Hitler, rightly or wrongly, is in the saddle, and who can say what will happen if he is unhorsed? Prince Loewenstein can only give us a misty alternative, amounting, as far as can be seen, to a reversion to his

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old scheme of founding a new Reich on the basis of the old Reichsbanner idea; and this failed for lack of enthusiasm from the very Youth whom he hoped to conquer. Nor is the reason far to seek. All Germany was "politically-minded" enough—though Herr Moeller, like Prince Bülow before him, denies this quality in his people—to know that some exceptional driving force was required to restore its prestige in the world. The actual programme might be rational or irrational. That was of secondary importance. It was leadership that was wanted, and when at last a leader, with magic or hypnotic powers, appeared, it was ready to follow him anywhere, everywhere—perhaps to glory, perhaps to destruction.

J. D. GREGORY.

Another Man's War

BLACK MONASTERY. By ALADAR KUNCZ. (Chatto & Windus. 409 pp. 10s. 6d.)

SOME of us think we had enough of the War with nearly five years under arms. But those who think so may still read this book and learn something fresh. Above all, this story does not stop with the satisfaction or tragedy of the Armistice. It ends at that date, but points forward, and much can be learned of the state of the world in 1934 by the reflections of 1919.

I call it a story, but the narrative is circumstantial as though the author had kept a diary. The difficulty one may experience in believing it arises from the senseless and irrelevant cruelty of the whole thing. Indeed, the book would not be attractive were it not for its strange, brave, good humour. Young Kuncz was a schoolmaster on holiday in Brittany. Someone came up to him in the midst of his light-hearted junketing to say that "we" (i.e. Austo-Hungary) had declared war on Serbia. He seems to have realized the significance of this at once, and made for Paris, to go home. He found confusion like nothing else but a Doré picture of the end of the world. In fact, it was that. Shortly he was interned and his experiences began. They must be read to be believed. The fact that makes them oddly fascinating to me is that the fellow never fought. He didn't fire a shot. He liked France and the French, and had walked into

the trap in perfect willingness, not realizing that he had done an unpardonable thing—he had been born in Hungary.

I have no idea if the condition of Hungarian internees in France was below the average. I am struck by the novel idea of how bad it was, and I can even add—inevitably.

For I see clearly that, up in the Front, they had to give us the best food, some sort of rest, and take at least enough care of us to keep us passably fit. We didn't always think so, I know. But it is plain now that interned people, at the Back of the Back, almost necessarily received the third, tenth, hundredth-rate in everything. Their lodging (unnecessarily prison-like, it seems to me, for what could they do?) and every other provision was that which was too bad to serve fighting troops, garrison troops, auxiliary services, civilians, even prisoners of war. No chivalrous code touched them; they made no propaganda for anyone; they were clean out of the picture; they were men being kept out of possible service in enemy armies. Priests always, and common people sometimes, were decent to them. But the war got worse, and the awful physical, mental, spiritual decay that set in would be unbearable were it not for the spirit in which this butterfly (he sounds far more of the artist than the schoolmaster) bore the breaking of him.

At last the end came. Desperately ill, he travelled for fifteen days in a broken-down wooden carriage—home. It is difficult for English-speaking people to realize what it must have been, for a Hungarian, that home-coming, its awful anti-climax, its futility, its unreality. Yet there it is, very convincingly told. I have a vague idea of what Belgians who had been caught behind the line felt when they struggled back to Ypres. This was worse. But what could the man expect? He was a Hungarian.

From this seems to me to proceed a sort of misbegotten moral. All that unmerited misery happened a long way off to someone else. But when I survey the world in 1934, and wonder why it is in the state in which I find it, I think the explanation may be in the sufferings of Kuncz (and how many million others?) that have gradually soaked and soaked through everything until remote Western Europe and even America are stained with them. In fact, I can see no other reconcilement of the sanity and decency of the universe with Kuncz's history.

R. H. MOTTRAM.

The Whig Triumph

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: THE PEACE AND THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION. By G. M. TREVELYAN. (Longmans. 21s.)

LET it be said at once that this book is most attractively written, and there are portions of it which all of us, even the most convinced Jacobite, must admit are superb as literature. Professor Trevelyan, however, is writing history, and as a historian he is on very uncertain ground. His premise, as those who have read the first two volumes of this trilogy will remember, is that the accession of the House of Hanover on the death of Anne was a blessing for which no sacrifice could be too great. If this be granted, his conclusions follow; and Professor Trevelyan displays in this volume all his skill in making that premise so plausible that it is to be feared not a few of his readers will accept it without realizing what they have done.

In the first place we are told that James would naturally play the game of France if he were restored to the throne—"Abbé Gaultier . . . as a true servant of King Louis desired to effect a restoration of the Stuart Prince who was bound to his master by so many ties of interest and gratitude" (p. 92). This sentence is calculated to create the desired impression in the reader's mind, but it proves nothing except that the French thought James would be their puppet. Why should he? His father had displayed a remarkable degree of independence of Louis XIV during his short reign, and both James III and Charles Edward refused to become mere instruments of French policy on innumerable occasions. In assuming that James would have sacrificed the national interest in this way, Professor Trevelyan was doubtless influenced by the example of his Whig friends, who he admits (p. 28) wished to prolong the war with France for a party advantage.

Was the eighteenth century in Britain so glorious as the author would have us believe? He refers to our polity at that time as "a free community," and declares that "the great art of letting your neighbour alone, even if he thinks differently from you" (p. 320), was learnt at this period. This is pure bunk. During the reigns of the first two Georges the British Isles were governed by brute force in the interests of the ruling oligarchy. In the early twenties the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended for a whole year, the longest period for which this has ever been done; opponents of the government were continually being arrested on the slightest suspicion; the University of Oxford

(with which Professor Trevelyan tells us (p. 319) the Whigs never interfered) was on at least one occasion coerced by armed force in a manner compared with which the methods of James II were the gentlest of pressure; and whenever danger threatened from the Jacobites, foreign mercenaries were at once imported to support the régime.

The line of division between rich and poor became ever more marked, with the calamitous consequences we know to-day, as the Whig grandees enclosed the common land, and eliminated the yeoman class. The Church was so effectively drugged that when there was a religious revival, with Wesley, it took place outside the Establishment. The populace of London was allowed, if not encouraged, to drink cheap gin, with the results to be seen in the pictures of Hogarth, and in the pages of Fielding and Smollett. What of the Penal Laws in Ireland, and the depopulation of the Highlands after the Forty-Five? It is true that there is the Seven Years' War on the credit side of the Whig account, but there were also some of the greatest disasters in British military history, namely Fontenoy, Saratoga and Yorktown. Finally, it was a monarch of the House of Hanover who lost us the American colonies.

Lastly, it never occurs to Professor Trevelyan to ask whether the mass of the British people wanted a German princeling. Indeed, he is exceedingly well-advised not to raise the point, for a careful study of the newspapers for the eighteen months that followed the death of Anne reveals a state of public opinion very different from what he would like his readers to believe actually prevailed.

With the author's judgment on Bolingbroke, and with his contention that the Treaty of Utrecht was immeasurably superior to the Treaties of Vienna and Versailles, it is impossible not to agree, but his main premise, that the Hanoverian Succession was a benefit to this country, must be rejected. Professor Trevelyan has written a piece of brilliant propaganda second to none, but all that future generations will be able to learn from the three volumes of "England under Queen Anne" is the statement of the Whig case most ably presented.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Holy Deadlock and Others

HOLY DEADLOCK. By A. P. HERBERT. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
PARABLE FOR LOVERS. By LEWIS GIBBS. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)
AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON. By MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
WEDDING SONG. By DAVID BURNHAM. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)
UNDAUNTED. By JANE LANE. (Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.)

EACH of these five novels is an example of a different *genre*, and of its kind each is a good example, but two of them—"Holy Deadlock" and "Parable for Lovers"—can be recommended to all readers of fiction, and of these two "Holy Deadlock" not only can but must be urged upon every adult reader, irrespective of his usual tastes and preferences.

"Holy Deadlock" is a portent, and as such every thoughtful reader should have a look at it. Directed against the English divorce laws, it is undisguised propaganda; and as such should be bad art. But it is good art, in the same sense that "Bleak House" is—that is, the author's indignation has inspired an authentic human story, which can be read with great pleasure entirely for its own sake, but which cannot be read without inspiring in the reader a hatred of the degrading processes of so-called legal justice.

The story deals with the tragi-comic difficulties of a couple who are trying amicably to dissolve an ordinary civil marriage. Although one's sympathy for the victims of the law, and one's suspense over the issue, are constant, the ludicrous dilemmas of everyone concerned in the story, and Mr. Herbert's wit in describing them, make the book very funny indeed. I believe that no one could fail to enjoy the story, and that no one could read it and fail to find the law absurd, for Mr. Herbert has been

INCURABLES

Here, at Streatham, there are a hundred of them, middle-class men and women of gentle birth. Now they are crippled, paralysed, lame, halt or blind. Some are old, some middle-aged, many enfeebled by years of suffering, every one of them dependent on charity for the smallest of life's necessities. At the British Home and Hospital for Incurables they are nursed and sheltered, their sufferings are eased, their broken spirits healed. Sympathetic treatment, and humane understanding helps man's unconquerable mind to mend itself. Even though the flesh is weak the spirit is abundantly willing to flourish even against the loss of health, position and independence, and these people are calm, uncomplaining and at peace with their lot.

This is glorious, good work and must not relax. It costs us annually £23,000 (including pensions of £26 p.a. for 300 incurables who are able to remain in their own homes). May we ask a small contribution of 5/-? Or may we ask, at least, that you bring the merits of this charity to the notice of others who may, one day, be able to assist us. *Further information from the Secretary.*

BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, STREATHAM

scrupulously fair in choosing pleasant people as the instruments of the system he deplores, and he has shown more than his ordinary flair for creating lovable characters.

The important aspect of "Holy Deadlock," however, as food for thought, lies not in the overwhelming case it makes for reform of the existing divorce laws in England, but in the clear statement it makes, by implication, of the whole problem of marriage as an institution in the modern world, and the necessity society is under of clearing up the existing confusion between civil marriage and marriage as a sacrament. Mr. Herbert gives a lucid explanation of the legal confusion that exists between these two kinds of marriage, the present laws contriving as he puts it to "make the worst of two worlds." Those who feel that divorce is under no circumstances allowable will be the first to welcome this book, which shows so brilliantly the stupidity of a law which degrades alike their own convictions and the modern world's lack of them. . . . Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder unless one party to the contract is found in compromising circumstances in a Brighton hotel.

The moral of "Parable for Lovers" is that vanity is destructive of love and productive of misery. It is a charming story—fresh in idea and execution; slight, compared to the packed richness of character and reality in "Holy Deadlock," but the opposite of precious, and so inevitable and whole from beginning to end that there is a pleasure in reading it quite distinct from the enjoyment of the story, which is human and moving to an unusual degree.

"Undaunted" tells the story of Michael Pennington, a young Royalist during the years between 1634 and 1648. The Royalist Cause, the passionate devotion of its adherents past and present, is the real theme of the story, but the plot is rich with events, and the historical and political background is vivid and authentic.

"Wedding Song" is one of those books about rootless and trifling people, which by virtue of having been written in what one feels to have been a fervour of personal feeling, is at times an excellent comedy of manners, at times pretentiously overwritten, and by and large interlarded with neurosis.

"And Quiet Flows the Don" is altogether *autre chose*. It is a very long novel, dealing with life among the Cossacks of the Don district, tracing the destinies of many characters from the years just before the war, down through the Revolution and Civil War in Russia. In all my reading I have never come across a story which smelt so unpleasantly of the soil, or made memor-

able so many unpleasant aspects of humanity, so I can only recommend it to those who thirst bitterly for knowledge of the Cossacks, or for those who like their human nature entirely in the raw.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

The Near East

AN EASTERN CHEQUERBOARD. By SIR HARRY LUKE. (Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.)

HERE, in a well-printed, adequately indexed, excellently illustrated volume, we have the fruits of thirty years' experience in the Near East, which Sir Harry Luke knows both as observant, perceptive traveller and as a diplomat and administrator of proved ability: moreover, he is a scholar at once erudite and genial, cultured and shrewd. Not here the purple-passage approximations and showy ignorances of the Fleet (much too fleet) Street journalist, nor the inept wonderments of the callow or the tedious "tripper," for to knowledge and the blessings of youthful maturity, to a calm grasp of literature and philosophy, as of geography, topography, and history, this practised writer adds a gift of happy anecdote, a keen, restrained humour, and a most admirable and (on such a theme) most desirable tolerance and equity of judgment. "An Eastern Chequerboard" will increase its author's considerable and enviable reputation, and if, as I surmise, the idea was the publishers', they also are to be congratulated on a book that will leave every reader profoundly satisfied but pleasantly eager to learn yet more of Turkey and Syria, Rhodes and Cyprus, of Grecian monasteries and Prester John. Perhaps it is the Lieutenant-Governor of Malta who will supply that lack.

Those interested in monasticism will hasten to read the two essay-study-articles on the monasteries of Greece in general and Mount Athos in particular, while those concerned with—or about—politics will find "A Retrospect: 1904–1934" of abiding value. Topography and geography are delightfully served by the descriptions of Cyprus, whereas history predominates, to effective purpose, in "Rhodes," where, by the way, connoisseurs will be able to chortle over several of the best stories that one among them has ever seen recorded. "A Jerusalem Miscellany" is especially enlightening, but I, at least, consider that, along with heroic "Rhodes," the best things in a notable book are "Prester John" and "The Worshippers of Satan."

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Books Recommended

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

THE MAINSTAY OF AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM. A Survey of the Farm Question. CASSIUS M. CLAY. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

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VERSE.

SELECTIONS FROM KEATS. Chosen and edited by J. EARNSHAW. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

WILLIAM MORRIS. Selected writings (verse and prose). Edited by G. D. H. COLE. (Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THIS is the month when pheasant chicks come into the world. Mention of this brought about an argument from whence came the pheasant. The Yankees have claimed that they came from America. This was turned down, for they were known in Europe in the days of the Romans. Besides their wings being short, they are ill-adapted for long flights. This has been conclusively proved on Lake Maggiore at Turin, where pheasants isolated in the Isolo Madre cannot fly over the lake, and unless picked up by boatmen, are always drowned.

* * *

THEIR original habitat was the banks of the Phasis (now the Rioni) in Calchis, Asia Minor, and they were often to be seen on the tables of the Ancient Greeks at their expensive and superabundant repasts. When they were introduced into Britain is not certainly known, but they are mentioned in the reign of Edward I at the end of the thirteenth century.

* * *

THE Canadian Pacific liner, the palatial *Empress of Australia*, the "Dreamship of Cruises," which has several times cruised round the world will this summer undertake 3 First Class Cruises to the romantic Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals. The first leaves Southampton calling at Immingham on June 29 on a 14 days cruise. The second cruise leaves London (Tilbury) on July 14, calls at Leith, and proceeds to the Fjords, the North Cape and Spitzbergen, its duration is 19 days. The third cruise is to the Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals, it commences at Immingham on August 3 and lasts for 13 days. The *Empress of Australia* is a superbly appointed vessel and is the finest and biggest British ship to cruise in Norwegian waters.

* * *

I HEAR that a new bacon factory on an estate of nearly 2,000 acres of land is to be built near Oxford. On it only the highest class of breeding stock obtainable will be utilized and the factory will market every kind of pork and bacon product. The aim is to produce the bacon the British public demands, and to compete favourably with any bacon that comes from abroad. The factory will do most of its own breeding, but will buy from the local farmer, only provided the farmer can supply the high quality animals required. It is a brave effort to reduce the high prices prevailing for bacon, to cut out the middleman, and to save a substantial sum on every pig sold to the public.

THE grandeur of the Amazon has to be seen to be appreciated. The River is river of mystery, from the great breadth of its two hundred miles in the Pa River, one of its mouths, until the "Narrows" are entered and the tropical jun with the glamour of vast forests and uncharted rivers beyond, closes in on the shi The Booth Steamship Line are sending their fine boats to the Amazon eve alternate month. It reveals a phase of human life of which most people, ev experienced travellers, know little. To sit on deck during the trip up the Amaz and watch the ever-changing beauties of the forest is a eye picture of surpassi beauty.

* * *

I WAS much interested in a very novel and clever bird table which Ma C. Van der Byl has produced at Wappenham, Towcester. Birds not on need feeding in winter, but being looked after in summer, too, in order to prote the gardens. The bird table stands on a wooden pedestal with a square top, which there is a compartment, wire netted for suet on one side, whilst seed trick out from the other side as the birds eat it. The compartment is filled with the go things birds like, mixtures of fat, oatmeal and crumbs by lifting the roof. Under t eaves of the little roof are hooks for cocoanuts and other delicacies. As this bi table can be placed anywhere on the lawns or near the windows, hours can spent watching our feathered friends enjoying themselves. It has only to known for many bird lovers to desire to have one.

* * *

HOW many survivors are there now of the Crimean and Mutiny campaign None who served in both. Of the Crimea alone there are less than ten, one whom, Mr. William W. Freeman of South Australia, has reached the great age 104, and another the veteran Colonel Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bart., who in May ne enters his 100th year. Of the Indian Mutiny campaign there are also less than t survivors. "The passing of a gallant host."

* * *

WILL the famous Royal Horse Artillery lose their guns? Their horse-dra 13-pounders are out of date and 3·7 in. howitzers tractor drawn will be t new guns. What if the musical drive at Olympia eventually passes? The one h thrill of the Tournament. According to one distinguished soldier horses in the Ar will be as rare in twenty years' time as tanks were in 1916.

* * *

THE Lotteries and Betting Bill will bring out cohorts of opposition. I a told that eight to ten million people are interested in football. Over a quar of a million attend First Division League football alone every Saturday. T human instinct to have a gamble attracts more punters to the football "pool than the horses do to the racecourse totalisator. One big operator in the No has over one million clients. Under the proposed Bill a football "pool" w become illegal, but not so a straight football bet. Only horse racing events will allowed "pools"; greyhound tracks under restricted conditions; football pub none at all. It seems as if the Government proposes to drive a lot of betti underground. It would be a tragedy if the sporting public—a very large one revenged themselves at the next General Election.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I am endeavouring to compile an anthology of poetry written b young poets, aged twenty-five or under, and should be grateful for the oppo tunity of using your columns to invite any of your readers who come within th age limit to submit work to me. Poems should be original and previous unpublished.

All work submitted will be read carefully and returned if unsuitable, pr viding postage is enclosed for this purpose.

I cannot at present offer any monetary reward for poems accepted, but, and when the anthology is published, I guarantee to pay for all work therein; further guarantee that no contributor will be asked to pay anything towards th cost of publication.

Yours faithfully,

LESLIE A. HALSALL

Chetwynd, Burnside Avenue,
Stockton Heath, Warrington.

Is Evolution True?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—My friend, Mr. Arnold Lunn, has surely more than proved his ca against Evolution without prejudice. Let me give two unexpected scientif supports to his whole position from two of the leading scientists of to-day wh have hitherto been on the other side. That Evolution as a theory canno consistently be maintained to-day is shown by Sir Oliver Lodge.

When we come to ultimate origins Science is dumb. We are confronted wit the problem of existence. And if there is to be any solution of that it is t Philosophy and *Religion* we must look. Science . . . displays the Universe as continuous process which it cannot account for. . . . Whereas we set out wit the ideas of Uniformity, Continuity and Evolution we have . . . arrived at . . Variability, DIS-CONTINUITY, *which may cut at the root of* the objective character *Evolution* (O. Lodge, *Modern Scientific Ideas, especially . . . Discontinuity:* Benn 1927, 6*d*.). The other is from the leading scientist of America, Huxley's mos brilliant pupil.

The myth of our ape-ancestry lingers on the stage . . . but the ape-ancestr hypothesis is becoming out-of-date. And its place is being taken by the recen demonstration that we are descended from Dawn Men—not ape-men. According our purpose in this lecture [is] to banish *the myth and bogey of ape-man* ancestr (H. Fairfield Osborn, *Man Rises to Parnassus*, p. 74: Princeton University, 1927

Yours obediently,

A. H. T. CLARKE.